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MILLENNIAL.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Of faith I question what shall be;
Of life I question what has been;
I pray you, hear and answer me;
Shall hopes, departed, come again?
Will life uplift its morning star,
Somewhere, sometime, to shine for me?
I strain my eyes, above, afar,
And long the millennial dawn to see!
Oh, thousand years of perfect peace!
Ye may be far and far away;
But in your gladness pain shall cease,
And life put every grief away.
A thousand times the earth will move
In sunward cycles of God's plan;
And man will live and man will love,
And be in fellowship with man.
A golden age!"—thus foretold,
Was glimmered down the advancing years;
Oh, for the faith they held of old,
To cry—"The golden future nears!"
I can not look so far away,
Or else the mists of doubt and sin
Have fallen, night-like, round the day,
Thus narrowing all my vision in.
Oh, thousand years, when love shall be
The universal law well kept,
Dawn grandly, for we wait to see
The time for which the prophets wept.

The Phantom Princess:
OR,
Ned Hazel, the Boy Trapper.

BY CAPT. J. F. C. ADAMS,

Nephew of the Celebrated Old Grizzly Adams, the
Bear-tamer of the Rocky Mountains.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PEACE-MAKER.

The tidings that a company of trappers belonging to the North-west Fur Company was close at hand, was indeed exciting; but, when it was learned that they numbered forty men, and that they had fired at the two hunters, the instant they recognized them, the news was indeed alarming.

There was no doubt the disposition of these men; the rivalry at the time of which I am speaking was so great between the agents of these two great companies, who both claimed Oregon Territory as their own trapping-ground, that more than one collision had occurred in that country, and there was always imminent danger when two of their parties encountered.

The two hunters stated that they had brought down a buffalo, that, badly wounded as it was, managed to run to the bank of the river, where it fell dead. They hurried forward, and were on the point of applying their knives to the animal, when a shout caused them to look up, and they saw three large canoes, scarcely a hundred yards distant.

It required but a moment for them to see that they were Nor'-westers, who showed they were equally quick in identifying them, by sending several shots after them, accompanying the same with insulting epithets.

The men instantly took to their heels, and here they were.

"Did you fire at them?" asked Mackintosh.

"No; we left in rather too much of a hurry."

"I am glad of that; I don't wish to have a fight with them, and they can't say we have given them the provocation."

"We'll give 'em the biggest kind," said Nick Whiffles, "and if you ain't mighty keefur there's going to be the condemnedest difficulty you ever heard tell on. Turn the heads of the canoe's other way!"

This was uttered in such a peremptory tone, that a number of men sprung forward, and obeyed it.

"Ef they find out we've been down to the village and got the peltries they're after," remarked Nick, in explanation to Mackintosh, "they'll be in fur a difficulty sure as you're born. The idea is to make things look as though we war goin' down instead of up stream."

There was barely time to explain this ruse to the men, when the three canoes made their appearance. Catching sight of the men on shore, a volume of shouts arose, that made Mackintosh tremble for the result.

"Let me do all the talking," said he to his men, "and avoid anything that will provoke them."

The boats headed for the landing, and, in a few seconds, the three ranged themselves alongside the shore and rested on their oars.

In the three boats were forty men—mostly Americans, although here and there a sprinkling of other nationalities could be discovered. They were a tough, courageous-looking set of men, dangerous to any sort of foe.

The leader, or director of the expedition, was a long-whiskered Missourian, who sat in the stern of one of the boats smoking a large meerschaum pipe.

"Good-day, to you," said Mackintosh, advancing to the edge of the water, and nodding pleasantly to this individual, whose reply came in a gruff voice.

"What the deuce are you doing in Oregon?"

"Hunting for furs."

"I should think it's about time you infernal Hudson Bay men learned that this country belongs to the universal Yankee nation."

"That question is not yet settled," replied Mackintosh; "we trapped in Oregon a hundred years before the North-west Fur Company was formed."

"Just because we let you—that's the only reason."

"There are treaties in existence giving us the privilege."

"Let's see them!" was the characteristic



Turning at once, he fairly gasped at the vision he saw.

demand of the Missourian, starting up in indignation.

I am not in the habit of carrying treaties around in my breeches pocket. I have seen the treaty; but your government and mine are now negotiating about this very thing, and until a decision is reached, I claim that my right is as good as yours to hunt and trap in all of Oregon."

"Ain't you willin' that they should go down the river, and get some peltries of the Blackfeet?"

"Not much; that's just what we're after, and we intend to manage that business ourselves."

"Supose, then, I kin persuade 'em to return and go up-stream, there'll be no difficulty?"

"Being it's you that has asked it, Nick, there won't be—but, we come into Oregon with our minds made up to shoot every Hudson Bay thief we found in the place; this thing has gone too far already, and we cracked away at 'em, the minute we got sight of a couple of them up the river a little while ago."

"Keep easy there," said Nick, "till I can speak a word or two to Mack here."

Whiffles turned about and began conversing with Mackintosh in a low, earnest voice,

occasionally indulging in quite excited gestures, while the members of both parties watched the two men with no little interest.

The interview lasted but a short time, when Nick turned to Belgrave.

"It goes rather ag'in' the grain to knuckle under in 'ere style—if I was the man ther'd be a condemned difficulty afore I'd pull down my flag."

"What does he say?" inquired the Missourian.

"That's what he says," was the answer, when the hunter pointed to a half-dozen men who were busying themselves in turning the canoes so as to head up-stream; "Mack, however, says he reserves the right to protest ag'in' this proceeding."

"Protest and be hanged," replied Belgrave.

"Oregon is a part of the United States, and no infernal red-coat has any right on it, without first asking permission of Uncle Sam, and if this thing isn't stopped, there's going to be war. I'm going to stir up Congress when I get back, and get 'em to notify the Hudson Bay Company that if they don't stop fooling and keep off our land, we'll bombard London and capture her and her whole caboodle of a family and hold 'em for hostages. I reckon that'll hold 'em to their senses."

And with this grandiloquent flourish, Mr. Belgrave gave the signal for his men to resume their canoes down-stream; but they had taken scarcely a dozen strokes, when he gave his parting shot.

"We'll watch for you, and if you undertake to steal by, we'll shoot every one of you, in spite of Nick Whiffles."

The Hudson Bay men preserved their solemnity of mien, until their rivals were beyond sight, when they indulged in some rather broad smiles at their success in outwitting them.

"When they get down to the village and find that we've been there," said Mackintosh, "to the boy, as they walked along; 'and if I ain't mistook most mighty, there will be some fur found in 'em, when we git back.'

"That don't look much like it," said the Missourian, pointing to the canoes: "your boats are headed down-stream; that ain't the way to get out of Oregon."

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They were yet a mile or two from their cabin, when they turned off to the left, and finally reached a creek that came down from a chain of mountains some miles away.

Along this water the experienced eye of the trapper saw many signs of beavers, to which he directed the attention of the boy walking beside him. Where the indications were not readily perceived, he took as much care to explain them to him as though he were a paid instructor for teaching him the "profession" of trapping.

"Now, lad," said the old trapper, as he looked down benignantly upon the boy, "you've spent a good number of years a-trappin' with me, and I reckon you've learned a powerful sight more nor I knowed at your age; so I'll let you go up this creek, and look arter the upper trap, while I tend to the others."

So they separated. Nick made the round of his traps, and was delighted at his good fortune, for in all, excepting one, he found a prize. The beavers all cried pitifully when they saw him coming, but he speedily ended their sufferings, and slinging them over his shoulder, leisurely made his way to his cabin.

The afternoon was about half gone when he reached the building that, during all his wanderings, he had always looked back to as his home. True, he was often absent for weeks and months, sometimes away up among the frozen regions along James' Bay, and then far down toward the head-waters of the Red River of the North; but always, when he spoke of returning home, this was the place he meant.

It was constructed with some little skill. It had been built where two immense rocks made a right-angle, so that two of its sides were impenetrable stone; the rest was made of logs and bark, with a sloping roof to shed the rain, and an opening, with an immense bear-skin, to serve as a door, which, when necessary, could be closed by a rock.

Within this lived Nick Whiffles and Ned Hazel. They had spent many happy years here, and hoped to spend many more.

Near by was a rough but secure shelter for Shagbark, where, when he chose, he could seek refuge from the storm. Calamity, as a matter of course, claimed the cabin as his head-quarters.

The house was not very attractive from the outside, but a good deal of comfort had been found there, not by Nick alone, but by many wanderers, both white and red, through this great wilderness of the Northwest.

Having slain and skinned his beavers, Nick set about preparing supper for himself and Ned from the tails of the animals. These, when carefully cooked, afford a delicious and nourishing food, and are highly prized by the trappers, who spend so much of their lives in these distant regions.

Calamity and Shagbark returned in the course of an hour. Both looked sleek and happy, and the tough, long-haired pony showed no little delight at being petted and caressed by his master. He had enjoyed a good play-spell, and was given liberty to continue it indefinitely, as there was no telling when his owner would start on his travels again.

The meat cooking, Nick Whiffles took down his long-barrelled rifle, and seating himself by the door, began to take it apart and clean it, and leaving him thus occupied, we will see what has become of Ned Hazel.

The lad went cheerily along, humming a merry tune, and feeling as joyous as a child does, who is growing rapidly and in the enjoyment of fine health.

Now and then he lost sight of the creek as he was compelled to leave it to find better walking; but, of course, he followed its general direction, as he knew that the trap he sought was on its bank. On his way he passed what had once been a large beaver-dam—but it had been abandoned several years before by these sagacious animals, and as it now appeared, it looked somewhat like the ruins of some old town or village.

Passing a short distance beyond this, Ned reached the trap for which he was searching. A glance only was needed to show that it had caught a beaver, and that the animal had been released within a few minutes!

"That's strange!" exclaimed Ned, as he stood looking at the trap; "somebody has interfered with that. If Nick was here, he would hunt around for signs, and I guess I may as well undertake it, too."

A moccasin-print was speedily discovered in the soft earth, but it was of such delicate beauty as to show that no Indian warrior had made it.

"That has been done by some girl," added the boy, in greater astonishment than ever. "She has been here very lately."

"And she is here now, too."

Ned Hazel started as he heard these words uttered in a clear, musical voice, at his very elbow. Turning at once, he fairly gasped at the vision he saw.

A girl, somewhat younger than himself, but with a complexion as clear and pearl-tinted as the sea-shell, and features of wonderful beauty, stood before him. Her hair, of rich auburn color, hung down her shoulders, and her dress was purely Indian in its character; but there was no mistaking her for one of that people. Her features and appearance were too decidedly Caucasian to admit any such impression.

She stood looking at the lad with an innocent, inquiring expression, and he stood gazing at her in silent wonderment.

According to the eternal fitness of things, the girl was the first to speak.

"I let the beaver go, because it was suffering so much that I pitied it; you are not angry, are you?"

"Oh! no—no," stammered Ned, not a lit-

tle embarrassed; "I wouldn't care if you let all the beavers in the country loose."

"I wouldn't do that, because all the beavers ain't caught," replied the girl, with a laugh; "but if I cried just like you would, if a bear should catch you."

"How do you know I would cry?" demanded Ned, feeling a boyish resistance to being considered such a child as all that. "If a bear should catch me, I would turn about and fight him."

"Not if he had you fast so that you couldn't move hand or foot," persisted the young miss; "this poor beaver was hurt, too; it almost made me cry to see it."

Ned felt as though he would cry, too, if it would be any satisfaction to this young lady; but, as it was, he would much prefer to be considered a man in her presence, so he straightened himself up and looked as tall as possible, as he continued:

"You don't know how you startled me when you spoke."

"Yes I do; for I saw you jump, and it made me laugh. You ain't afraid of me?"

"You don't look as though you would hurt anybody."

"What is your name?"

"Ned Hazel."

"That is a pretty name; I suppose they called you that, because your eyes are such a pretty hazel color. Do you want to know my name?"

"I do, indeed," replied the lad, blushing to his eyes. "It is Miona, and I live among the Indians."

"All alone?"

"Why, no, of course not; haven't you ever seen my mother? She and I dress in white, and sometimes I go with her in her canoe at night."

"What!" exclaimed Ned Hazel, "are you the daughter of the Phantom Princess?"

"I don't know who you mean by that, but I am the daughter of my mother, and I promised to return to her; so, good-by, Ned Hazel."

"Good-by—you—you—angel!" stammered the blushing Ned, as the little fairy tripped away.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SONG OF THE SIREN.

YOUNG Ned Hazel stood for a few minutes gazing at the point in the wood where the wonderful girl, Miona, had vanished.

Then, yielding to a strange impulse, he dashed headlong after her, not knowing really why he did so. The glimmering of a new emotion was in his heart, and he felt impelled by a desire to see and speak to her again. He was just of that age when the delight of young love was the sweetest, and the romantic, joyful feeling seemed to take entire possession of him.

And then, she was the daughter of the wonderful Phantom Princess about whom he had heard so much and so often, and who was enveloped in such a strange mystery!

But, rapidly as he moved, he was too slow to overtake the girl, who flitted like a fawn through the wood. Reaching the edge of Elk river, he saw nothing of her. She had disappeared as entirely as did her mother a few nights before, when pursued by Mackintosh and his trappers.

For fully half an hour he stood on the shore, gazing wistfully up and down-stream, but in vain, and, with a sigh, he gave up the search as hopeless.

"Perhaps I shall see her again," he concluded; "at any rate I'll set the trap, and if it catches a beaver, she will come and let him out, and I will get another chance to see and talk with her."

The afternoon was well gone, and he knew that Nick would be expecting him, so he concluded to take another look up and down the river, and then to make all haste home.

The glance which he cast up-stream showed him a small canoe descending, and in it was seated a single person managing the paddle with a deliberation which proved that whatever might be his destination, he was in no great hurry to reach it.

"Some trapper going it alone," concluded Ned, as he still lingered and watched.

Yielding to a feeling of caution, which his experience in the woods had taught him, he stepped back, so as to be invisible to the stranger himself. It was barely possible that he might be an enemy, and his prudence could not come amiss under any circumstances.

As the figure came closer and closer, something in its appearance struck Ned as familiar. He scanned it more closely and suddenly understood matters.

It was Bandman!

What could he be doing here?

"I suppose he is going on some errand for Mackintosh," concluded Ned, as he turned on his heel and started homeward.

He did not forget to pause and reset the trap, which had been disturbed by Miona, with the fervent wish that she would make it another visit, just about the time he would reach the ground.

And then, as he resumed his homeward walk, another conviction made itself known. While talking with the girl, something in her face seemed familiar. It was only the faintest, most shadowy resemblance to something that he had met somewhere before. Whether it was away back in that dim period preceding his own advent into this solitude, or whether it had visited him in his dreams, he could not say; but he clung to the belief that it was no fancy of his; and, speculating and unable to solve what it meant, he finally reached home, where old Nick was just beginning to wonder at his prolonged delay.

But what meant this canoe voyage of Hugh Bandman?

My reader has probably suspected what it meant.

A few hours after the separation of Nick Whiffles from the Hudson Bay trappers, a party of friendly Indians had been encountered, who had a few furs to sell. A halt was made, and a barter effected.

Among the purchases effected, was a small canoe, which was turned over to Hugh Bandman, with the cautious remark that he might use it whenever he chose.

He chose to do so at once.

"I may as well begin this business without any further delay," said he, as he stepped within and took the paddle.

A few words were interchanged. The Indians of whom the boat had been purchased remained on shore, so that Bandman descended the stream again, without any company at all.

He saw nothing of Ned Hazel, and passed directly by him, without suspecting his presence or proximity.

"Shall I be able to solve this mystery?"

asked the lonely trapper, as he thoughtfully paled his paddle. "Can it be that Mackintosh suspects? No—impossible!"

He was pale, and his lips compressed, as though agitated by some strong emotion, and now and then he gave utterance to his troubous thoughts.

"It may be—the date—there are several things—and, no, such a thing was never heard of in the wildest romance—but I shall never return from this expedition until I have learned—"

Hist! what was that?

His heart gave a great bound, and he held the paddle motionless in his hand and scarcely breathed.

While he leaned forward, he saw in the distance, gliding close to shore, what had met his vision twice before. It was the Phantom Princess in her white canoe!

The boat was so white, that at first glimpse, it seemed like some strange bird, hunting its way back again to its home, deep in the primeval wilderness; but, as he looked, he could discern the form of the princess herself seated in it.

Her daughter, dressed in her gaudily-colored dress, was reclining in the bow, but she was so concealed by the intervening figure of her mother that the trapper saw nothing of her.

"It is she—it is she!" muttered Bandman, and she must see me. I will follow her."

He paddled more vigorously, in the hope that she would permit him to approach or overtake her; but, he was not long in learning that it was her wish that their relative distance should be maintained for the present at least, so he ceased his efforts and followed her more leisurely.

Before he was aware, night was upon him, and he discovered that he was following her by moonlight—a bright, clear moonlight, that served almost as well as the day, inasmuch as she avoided the shadow of the shore, and kept as near the middle of the stream as possible.

Bandman scarcely removed his eyes from her; his great fear was that she might take him into her head to whisk as suddenly out of sight as she did when pursued by the trappers.

He found that, with the coming of night, she permitted him to approach considerably closer to her canoe. Indeed, scarcely more than a hundred yards separated them, and had she chosen, they could have easily conversed in an ordinary tone.

Bandman made several attempts to lessen the distance, but he saw that it rested entirely with her, and she governed her progress entirely by his.

A couple of hours were passed thus—although the trapper was not conscious of the lapse of time—when he became conscious that the Phantom Princess was singing.

Singing, it is true, in a low, faint voice—but in tones of irrepressible sweetness.

She was uttering no words, but rather humming some plaintive air, that came to the ears like the sad, touching strains of the wind-harp.

The trapper ceased rowing, and bent his head to listen. It came to his ears, like the tones that visit us in our dreams of angels; and, as he sat motionless, he felt then more than ever before, that there must be something supernatural about this wonderful being, whom he was following with such a resolution.

He looked up to see whether she was still paddling away from him. No; she, too, was resting on her ears, and both were floating with the current. He was drifting away, more in a dream than in his waking sense.

The voice never rose above that faint, tremulous, touchingly sweet tone, that seemed to penetrate his very being.

Hark!

Why does he gasp and start? Surely he has heard that strain before! Yes; ten years ago it had melted his heart with tenderness, and now it fairly drove him wild.

"I will overtake you! I can stand this longer!"

And seizing his oar, he rows with a furious energy such as he has never known before.

And there is no hand raised to stay him?

Ah! no; and he is surely rushing upon his doom, lulled thither by the song of the siren!

(To be continued—commenced in No. 46.)

ORPHAN NELL. The Orange-Girl: OR, THE LOST HEIR OF THE LIVINGSTONES.

ROMANCE OF CITY LIFE.

BY AGILE PENNE.

CHAPTER XV.

THE MISSING WILL.

JOE and I arrived at the depot just in time to catch the train. The cars were full of people, and seats were scarce. Joe, however, managed to get one on ahead while I found one at the rear end of the car, beside an old gentleman with iron-gray hair, and a face bronzed almost as dark as an Indian's.

I have neglected to mention that, before leaving the hotel, after supper, I resumed the disguise that I fled from New York in, namely, the yellow, curly wig and mustache, and again trimmed my eyebrows down, for it must not be forgotten that the sentence of five years at Sing Sing, which my friend Richard had been kind enough to procure me, by his false charge of forgery, was still hanging over me; and that I was liable to be arrested and sent to serve my term out. Of course, if this should happen, it would certainly block up my game.

True, I had hopes of a pardon, for I had received a letter in Denver City, from Peters, the detective, telling me that, aided by some influential political friends, he had applied for my pardon and hoped to obtain it from the Governor. I knew that Peters had a great deal of influence with certain parties who controlled the wires by which certain political puppets danced; and politics have a great deal to do sometimes with the pardon of criminals, in some States of our great and glorious Union. Besides, the crime which I was accused of committing, and for which I had been convicted, was quite a trivial one in the opinion of the world.

Picking a pocket or robbing a house, are horrible offenses against the law, but forging a friend's name for a few thousand or robbing the bank of which you are the trusted servant and supposed guardian, are pleasantly denominated "financial irregularities" and if the skillful "operator" happens to sometimes be unskillful enough to let himself be detected in his little "pleasantries," the world exclaims, "a very weak and fool-

ish young man—to allow himself to be caught."

After the train had been under way a short time, I fell into conversation with the elderly gentleman, with the iron-gray hair and bronzed face, who occupied the seat with me. Of course, as was natural, our first remarks had reference to the weather; from that we glided into politics—the elections being near at hand. Soon I found, to my utter astonishment, that the stranger was totally ignorant regarding the present politics of New York State—a fact which he explained by stating that he had been traveling in India for the past five years. I soon gathered from his conversation—for he spoke freely and without reserve—that he was what the French would call a "savant"; in truth, was a very learned man, about certain things. He had traveled in the East a great deal, and, as he informed me, spoke the Hindoo tongue like a native. In order to penetrate to certain places, in India, which he had wished to reach, he had found it necessary to assume the native garb and character of a Hindoo, which his bronzed complexion and perfect knowledge of their language easily enabled him to do.

I was quite interested in his story of his travels for he spoke in an easy, off-hand manner, without any particular desire to make himself the hero of his tale, although he was so, in reality. I soon discovered the charm of his manner; he loved the subject he was speaking of. Although born in Albany and reared there, remaining in that city, as he told me, until he was twenty-one, nearly all the rest of his life had been spent in the Orient.

"I commenced the study of the Hindoo tongue when I was yet a lad," he said. "I do not know how it was, but the study seemed to possess a peculiar charm for me. When I attained the age of twenty-one, my father died and left me quite a fortune; but my mother had died when I was an infant. I had no brothers or sisters; my nearest relatives were my cousins, who lived in Buffalo. After my father's death, I stopped with them some little time, when the idea took possession of me to go to India, and in person see the country, and there, from the natives, thoroughly study the tongue. No sooner had I thought of this than I set about it. So sir, when I was about twenty-two years old, I went to India and have remained there most of the time since; that is, when I say that, I except a visit that I made home about five years ago. It's strange, sir, but I have been called home from India twice by death. The first time, one of my cousins died, and, as he had some little property, he chose to make a will and appoint me executor, knowing at the same time that I was in the wilds of Hindostan, and for all he knew I might be making a meal for some hungry tiger in one of its jungles, or strangled by some religious 'thug' as an offering to great Brahma.

"The letter, sir, informing me of the death of my cousin, was two years in reaching me, for I was on an expedition up in the 'hill country,' and the letter lay in Calcutta until I returned."

"Well, that was a long time," I said; "I should have thought the heirs here would have become impatient."

"I rather think they did," responded the "savant," with a dry chuckle. "But, here again, the reason for my return now is that one of my early friends has seen fit to intrust his affairs in my hands. Not a relative this time, mind, but only an old friend. He and I were school-fellows together, at Albany, and when he was married in Buffalo, I promised to be present, but unfortunately forgot the direction and missed the minister's house. That was way back in '43. I didn't see him again until about five years ago, when I returned from India, and, passing through New York, en route for Buffalo, I called upon him. He was then one of the leading men of New York. I only made a short visit, don't think. I stopped over half an hour, and I remember that he asked particularly what my post-office address was; and, when I spoke about settling up this will business in Buffalo, and what a trouble it was, he laughed, and said—should I happen to outlive him, would I take charge of his will? Of course, for the joke of the thing, I said I would, that I would be delighted. Now, what do you think, sir?" and the old man laid the fore-finger of one hand impressively on the palm of the other. "That man remembered this conversation of five years ago, and when he ready to make his will, which was about a year ago, after he had made it, he sent it to my address at Buffalo, with directions to keep it till I should return home, and, with the will, he sent a letter to be forwarded to me, wherever I might be. That letter was just about a year in reaching me, for it arrived in Calcutta shortly after I had started on an expedition for the head-waters of the Ganges. When I returned, about a year afterward, I found it there waiting for me. I read it through, carefully. He didn't give any reason for intrusting the will to my care—only reminded me of my promise, and begged of me, by the memory of our old friendship, to keep that promise, and obscurely hinted that, upon my faithfully carrying out his wishes as expressed in the will, depended the righting of a foul wrong. All this, mind you, was quite mysterious; but, of course, there was no need of my returning to the States until the man was dead, which event, he said in his letter, I must not be surprised to hear of at any time, as his health had been failing.

"Well, now, as this letter had been waiting for me nearly a year, and no other had come notifying me of his death—for of course his son would have written in the event of his father's death, knowing that I had the will—I concluded that his health had improved. But, judge of my astonishment, when, a few days after this, I happened to take up an old New York Herald, and read there an account of the death of Anson Livingston."

"Livingstone!" I cried, with a start of surprise. Luckily the "savant" happened to look out of the window, just then, and did not notice my astonishment.

"Yes, he replied, "you have probably heard of him; he was an old New Yorker. I've got his will now, here in my breast-pocket."

Fortune had again favored me! Here was the man with the missing will!

"Ah, indeed!" I said, more for the sake of saying something, than any thing else.

"Yes, sir; it's rather a strange story, for the moment I saw the notice of the death of my friend, I started for home, instantly. On arriving in New York, I wrote to Mr. Richard Livingston, the son of my old friend—told him that I had his father's will—that I would proceed to Buffalo, get it and return to the city and see him on the subject. Then I pushed on instantly for Buffalo. I had a

little business there to arrange, for one of my cousins, which I saw would detain me a week; so I wrote to Mr. Livingston and told him I would be in New York on Wednesday next—that's to-morrow—and that I should like to meet him at the depot. Well, I received an answer at once. I gathered from his letter that he knew that his father had left a will, and what the contents of the will were, but that he had been in the dark as to who had it. Now, that seemed very strange to me, for I should have certainly thought that the father would have told the son all about it."

Fortune was putting Livingston's game right into my hands. I thought I could guess what the plan was, but I determined to learn all I could in regard to it.

"Perhaps the reason that the old man did not confide the secret of the will to his son, was that he did not leave all his property to him, but bestowed the greater part of his wealth elsewhere," I said, throwing this out as a sort of a feeler.

"Oh, no!" responded the "savant;" "Richard says expressly, in his letter, that the disposition of his father's property is perfectly satisfactory, both to himself and his sister, Olive."

"Ah! you wrote him,

Livingstone's house, and all the family are out of town." The "secretary" delivered this in such a nice, easy manner that I was quite charmed with his power of conversation and the easy facility with which he lied. It was truly a capital excuse to prevent Vanderwilt from going to Richard's house. At a hotel, he would be completely at the mercy of the "secretary."

"Ah! I am sorry for that, for I should have liked to have seen Miss Olive," said Vanderwilt.

"Oh! she will return, sir, before you go away. I heard her speak of that particularly. The repairs in fact are all done, and they will have the house in order in a day or two; so that you will only have to stop at the hotel a very short time. By the way, is there any particular hotel that you prefer going to?"

My admiration for Mr. Everett was increased considerably by this adroit-pit speech. I knew very well that "Mr. Secretary" had already arranged in his own mind as to what hotel my friend, the savant, should go, and had even probably picked out the room for his victim—the one most convenient for his purpose.

"No," said Vanderwilt; "I have no particular preference; one is as good as another for me."

"Well, I had an idea that, perhaps, you hadn't any decided liking, and so I spoke about a room for you at my place, the Metropolitan Hotel. They had a very nice one right next to mine, so I engaged it as Mr. Livingstone left particular orders that nothing should be left undone to make you comfortable."

The smooth manners of the tricky agent of Livingstone I saw had made quite a favorable impression upon Vanderwilt; in fact, I must own that the fellow was smart, and if I hadn't been on my guard, he possibly would have deceived me; but I had looked behind the curtain of deceit, and knew something of the wires that made the puppets dance.

"I am really much obliged to Mr. Livingstone," replied Vanderwilt; "I am much obliged to him for this kindness."

"Oh! don't mention it, sir," cried Mr. Everett, quickly. "As a friend of his father, of course, sir, he must feel a high degree of respect for you." It was evident that the "agent" was well posted in the premises, as a lawyer would say. Richard had chosen his man carefully. The Metropolitan Hotel, too—one of the leading hotels of New York city; nothing in that to excite the suspicions of the stranger. And in one of the large New York hotels, what splendid chances to play their "little game" and rob Vanderwilt of the precious will, provided they could not pick his pocket and relieve him of it beforehand! Decidedly, the whole scheme was worthy the clear head of Richard. He was a man of genius beyond all question, although his genius took the road that leads to the State's Prison.

"Have you any baggage, sir?" asked the "secretary."

"Yes, a carpet-bag, only; here is the check."

"If you will permit, I'll get it for you and we can take an omnibus right down-town; I detest these close carriages," said Everett.

"Certainly; I shall be much obliged," replied the savant; and away went the secretary with the check. Here was another chance for them; if they couldn't pick his pocket in the depot, why they might in the omnibus. I could not but admire the carefully-arranged details of the plan, particularly as Joe and I could upset it all; but I saw I must find a chance to speak to Joe, and warn him.

"Quite an agreeable fellow, this Mr. Clark, don't you think so?" said Vanderwilt.

"Yes, quite so." Then a thought occurred to me, and I turned round and pretended to see Joe for the first time; he was standing on the platform a short distance from us.

"Why, Mr. Sparks!" I cried, "how are you?" and rushed over to him and took him by the hand warmly.

"How do you do?" exclaimed Joe, understanding the little movement at once, and taking me by the hand as though I was an old friend that he hadn't seen for years.

"Joe," said I, sinking my voice down low, "have you noticed these three fellows standing over there together and watching Vanderwilt?"

"What—those three 'roughs'?"

"Yes."

"Wal, I have. What of 'em?"

"They'll probably try the jam game as we go through the doorway, and pick Vanderwilt's pocket. Now, I'll take you over and introduce you to Vanderwilt, and just as we get to the door you slip ahead of him and go through first, and if there's any difficulty, why hit out strong!"

"You bet!" was Joe's emphatic response.

"If they give me any of their slack, I'll climb on their eyebrows lively!"

"All right; keep your eyes open," I replied; then I took him over to Vanderwilt and introduced him to the savant, as Mr. Sparks from Nebraska.

Just then the secretary, Mr. Clark, returned with the savant's carpet-bag.

"I've got it, sir," said he. "I suppose we might as well go now," and then he glanced suspiciously at Joe and myself. Before I had stood behind Vanderwilt, and he hadn't noticed me.

"By the way, Mr. James," said Vanderwilt, turning to me, "are you going to any hotel? If you are, why not come to the Metropolitan with me?"

Now this was exactly what I wanted; in fact, I was just trying to think of some excuse to "wring in" on the party, and now, here was the opportunity offered! Of course I jumped at the chance.

"I guess I will go to the Metropolitan," I said. Mr. Everett looked disgusted; this was an addition to his party that he had not counted upon.

"Mr. James, Mr. Clark," said Vanderwilt, introducing. I, of course, immediately expressed my pleasure, which I could plainly see was not reciprocated on Mr. Clark's part. Then I introduced Joe. It was hard work for Mr. Everett to look pleased. In his heart, I've no doubt, he wished us all to the devil. But, the e was no help for him. Here we were all together, and to separate us would be difficult. I saw that he was thinking over his plan of action. I had an idea that he was not going to try the pickpocket business, as I noticed that his eyes wandered irresolutely over to where his confederates stood. They were, doubtless, waiting for some signal from him. Suddenly he seemed to have decided, for he raised his left hand and stroked his chin carelessly. This was, evidently, the signal they had been expecting, for they walked quickly over to the doorway, nearest to us. They did not pass through the doorway, however, but stood on the inside. I saw

that the movement was to be attempted, so I winked a warning at Joe, but his quick eye had also seen the movement of the "roughs," and I noticed that he quietly closed his left hand in readiness for the attack.

"I suppose we may as well go," repeated Mr. Everett.

"Certainly," said Vanderwilt; and we started in the following order: first came the "secretary," carrying the carpet-bag; then Mr. Vanderwilt; then Joe, and then myself.

Just as we got to the doorway, Clark quickened his pace and passed through, leaving a space between him and Vanderwilt that "rough No. 1" instantly stepped forward and occupied. The other two roughly attempted to push in between Vanderwilt and Joe, but were roughly shoved back by Joe, who in the little confusion that this occasioned, changed positions and took Vanderwilt's place, so that when "rough No. 1" in the doorway turned round suddenly and stopped, expecting by this movement to jam Vanderwilt up against the other two roughs in the rear, so that in the confusion they could "go through" his pockets, he encountered Joe, who carried his arms well up, ready for a blow.

"Who're you pushin'?" sung out Joe, to "rough No. 1," giving him a shove in the breast that forced him half-way through the door-space—I, at the same time, being between Vanderwilt and the two roughs in the rear, thus preventing them from operating upon his pockets.

"What did you do that fur?" demanded "rough No. 1," turning upon Joe with an oath.

"For fun!" responded Joe, coolly, still keeping hands up ready for a guard.

"Fun!—you!" cried the rough, making a sudden pass at Joe's head, which would probably have seriously damaged my friend's nose, but for his quick right arm, that threw the blow off to one side, then with a suddenness that can only be compared to the jump of a cat, he drew back his terrible left arm, and with the whole weight of his muscular body, delivered a terrific blow that took the rough square on the chin, lifted him off his feet, and knocked him clean through the doorway down the steps onto the hard sidewalk. Joe followed his fallen foe, and was all passed through the doorway.

"Double-bank him!—him!" cried "rough No. 2," making a dash at Joe. "Double-bank," in sporting parlance, is to take an unfair advantage, two or more on one. But Joe was not easily double-banked, especially when I took a hand in, as I speedily did, knocking one of the ruffians into the gutter with a swinging hit under the ear. A crowd assembled speedily: the cry "Police!" was raised. The two roughs that were able to their heels, the first who was still insensible was captured by the Metropolitans, while Joe, the savant and myself, got off unnoticed in the crowd. I never saw a man look so thoroughly disgusted as Clark did at the failure of plan No. 1.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 41.)

Lost Love.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

No. I never liked him, and what's more, I am perfectly astonished that you should. A person of your perspicuity ought to see further in this case than you do."

Saying this, Miss Desmond removed her bright eyes off Sophy Ridgeway's face, whence she had been looking so piercingly for the last five minutes.

Sophy was looking a little flushed, not a little displeased, and considerably worried.

"It is so strange to me, Frank, that you dislike Mr. King so. Why should you? is he not a gentleman should be?"

There was a little proud impatience in her voice.

Frank Desmond's lips curled just a trifle.

"Oh, yes; I must confess he is remarkably good looking, talented, and all that sort of thing. But, Sophy."

I wish I could describe that "but" as Miss Desmond uttered it, and emphasized it; but the tone of satire, doubt, solemnity, that she conveyed is unconveyable on paper.

Sophy looked up, wonderingly;

"As I was about to remark," continued Frank, "there are many qualities about Mr. King that completely spoil any good points he possesses. In the first place, Sophy, dear, you never could think of marrying a man who worked for his living! What would the Desmonds and Ridgeways say?"

"But, he owns such a dear little place in Astoria—oh, it is sweet, Frank?"

Earned by drawing designs for locomotives! Sophy Ridgeway, I am ashamed of you; where has your family pride gone to?"

"I am sick of the name! I wish some of your aristocratic blood flowed in my veins; for then I'd be free to make myself happy!"

By marrying a civil engineer, I presume!

"If they give me any of their slack, I'll climb on their eyebrows lively!"

"All right; keep your eyes open," I replied; then I took him over to Vanderwilt and introduced him to the savant, as Mr. Sparks from Nebraska.

Just then the secretary, Mr. Clark, returned with the savant's carpet-bag.

"I've got it, sir," said he. "I suppose we might as well go now," and then he glanced suspiciously at Joe and myself. Before I had stood behind Vanderwilt, and he hadn't noticed me.

"By the way, Mr. James," said Vanderwilt, turning to me, "are you going to any hotel? If you are, why not come to the Metropolitan with me?"

Now this was exactly what I wanted; in fact, I was just trying to think of some excuse to "wring in" on the party, and now, here was the opportunity offered! Of course I jumped at the chance.

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King will be invited too, so that may alter the case."

"What! a civil engineer invited to Court Desmond?"

Miss Desmond bit her lip wexedly.

"Of course, as a friend he'll do very well. A husband is very different. You'll come, Sophy?"

She gathered up her trailing blue silken skirt and swept out to her carriage, throwing a parting cousinly kiss to Sophy, who watched her, half-angry, half-wounded, wholly dissatisfied. Then, as the phaeton turned a curve in the autumn-leaved road, she walked wearily away from the window, wondering if Frank was right; that perhaps she ought not to marry for love, because she happened to have the Desmond and Ridgeway blood in her veins!

Papa, before the carriage comes round, I would like you to answer me a question."

Sophy Ridgeway came up to the chair where her father was reading; standing under the full blaze of light that came from the chandelier she made a beautiful picture, with the magnificent apartments of the room for background.

She particularly became the trailing satin dress of corn-colored satin, that shone like gleaming gold under the misty white lace overskirt; small pearls were her ornaments, with a drooping branch of white hyacinths in her hair at the side, and a little white rosebud, with a geranium leaf nestling among the tiny curls on her forehead.

"Well, daughter, what is it?"

"Only this: are you willing for me to marry Archer King if he asks me?"

How her heart was throbbing, first with hope, then fear, for the answer.

Mr. Ridgeway deliberately twirled his watch chain before he answered.

"No. He is hardly the man for my son-in-law. Besides, you must marry money, Sophy; your husband must be one who can support you as I have done."

A cold cloud seemed closing around her for a moment; then she rallied, and played carelessly with the chain on her bracelet.

"How would Mr. Pelham do?"

She hated herself for the words so soon as they were uttered.

Mr. Ridgeway grasped her hands in an impulse of delight.

"My dear! I had not dared mention it! You have my consent, blessing and God-speed all in one."

A contemptuous little smile curled Sophy's lips, but underneath her heart was sore.

Just then the carriage rolled up, and she entered it for her ride to Court Desmond.

Sophy, I have waited so long for this opportunity, to ask you to be my own darling! Have you an answer for me?"

They were standing in the bay window; Archer King, in his proud, imperious manner, and Sophy Ridgeway, so calm and collected, and her heart throbbing its wild protest against her cruelty.

She wondered afterward how she ever got through it—that task of rejecting the man she loved—but then she remembered the kind, if satiric, and disinterested advice of her cousin Frank, who was so proud of the name and lineage, and *perhaps* that strengthened her.

At any rate, she told Archer King, very kindly, almost tenderly, that it could not be; that she did not think it best to marry just then; and sent him away with anguish for the last five minutes.

With all her desire to do her duty by her family, Sophy could not bring herself to be captivated by, or herself captivate, Chester Pelham that night; and so, when she went home in the early gray of a stormy December morning, she thought the world never had held such utter misery and desolation.

But then she was a Ridgeway, the daughter of a Desmond; and the Desmonds and Ridgeways of this glorious world of ours must not consort with civil engineers!

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As for Chester Pelham, he was married to some pretty little thing, without a cent in the world; and, as Sophy never had liked him *particularly*, she was glad of it.

She wondered if Archer King was living yet; had he forgotten her, or was she enshrined in his heart as he was in hers?

Poor Sophy was then a firm believer in man's constancy; perhaps it would be well for us all if we could know for truth, that women are no less true than they.

It was in London, as she waited a day or two for the steamship to New York, that she decided to go to him, and tell him all, and make the venture.

She knew everybody, especially Frank Desmond, would be angry; she almost feared what her proud cousin would say to her if ever I am."

The knowledge of what *might* result from her decision lent pleasant delight to the tension of her ocean voyage; so much so, that her father expressed his satisfaction at her returning spirits.

"There is no land like America, is there, Sophy?"

"And no people like our own noble, ambitious, self-making people."

Mr. Ridgeway had forgotten all about Archer King, long ago, and so did not comprehend her remark.

At Ridge Way, the very first person she met was Archer King; and, with a glad cry of delight, she sprung to him.

"Oh, Archer, my dear, dear Archer, I've come all the way across the sea to find you and tell you to forget those cruel words that night. I'll take them—every one—back; and I'll ask you, now, if I may be your wife? I also loved you so, Archer, my darling!"

But whether she did or not, Sophy gave no answer.

"Now, a match with Mr. Pelham, dear,

would be *so* desirable; he is very rich, and of such a *grand* old family, you know. Papa and uncle Armstrong would be *so* desirable."

"Then I suppose I am to come to your house for the express purpose of securing him."

Miss Desmond was not to be hindered by that plain translation of her words.

"If you choose to think so, yes. Mr.

"I am sure you love me, else why has the sweet hope, may, the blessed *certainly*, buoyed me up all these months? Please say one word, Archer!"

He seemed powerless to utter a syllable;

and then, that very moment, there fell a soft, sweet voice on their ear:

"Papa! here comes mamma and I!"

And a little boy, just large enough to lisp and walk, came down the path, holding fast to Frank Desmond's hand!

"For God

SATURDAY JOURNAL.



Published every Tuesday morning at nine o'clock.

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A STRANGE STORY!

The opening chapters of Mr. Albert W. Aiken's new serial Society and City Life Romance,

The White Witch;
OR,
THE LEAGUE OF THREE,

will be presented in the coming number of the SATURDAY JOURNAL.

This announcement will be a pleasing one to that very large audience whom the spirited and versatile author can now claim as his own. That he is one of the

MOST POPULAR AND BEST READ

of writers for the popular press, is evident from the material fact that the interest 'n his productions increases with each new work from his pen, compelling large

Additions to Advance Order Lists

from the Trade. This interest is sure to be heightened by the serial now announced, which, in all the essentials of character, story, mystery and passion will give a vivid proof of the truth of the old saying,

Good Fruit comes only from Good Seed;

for it is at once striking in its originality, intensely dramatic in its action, powerful in its cast of characters, and full of that subtle undercurrent of feeling which, in all great stories or dramas, distributes throughout the entire work a

Charm that is Magic

in its ability to enchain thought and attention. The main idea involved is that of a League of three men, directed by a mind of almost supernatural power, whose purpose, attested in a *Red Pledge*, is to destroy a brave life. Around this central idea fits and floats the

STRANGE, MYSTERIOUS, BAFFLING

WHITE WITCH,

in whom the League finds a foil which even a mind of Lucifer-like resources can not outwit and break. Then, as leading agents in the commanding work of good and evil, the author presents the Baxter street *BIRDS OF PREY*, who are photographed with a cleverness which Dickens might have envied; and the

MYSTERIOUS MAN OF THE TOOTHPICK,

who is a character not to be forgotten; and the **LADY OF SMILES AND WILES** from over the Sea; and the **WOMAN WITH THE EYE OF NIGHT** whose identity with the **WHITE WITCH** seems so certain: all of whom give great scope and breadth to the action, and stamp the work as one teeming with points of interest, and elements well calculated to render it

The Literary Sensation of the Season!

Contributors and Correspondents.

Poem, GOOD-BY, BUT COME AGAIN, is excellent in spirit and feeling, but, the author having chosen a composite rhythm, has not succeeded perfectly in its prophecies. Persons unacquainted with the art of rhyming and the principles of verse should adhere to the simpler forms, wherein the ear may lead them to correct or harmonious expression.

We return MSS. JUST IN TIME: A NIGHT EXCUSE; THE DRIVER'S TOIL; BEN BUCK; A GIRL'S FAIR; SUSAN MERTON'S FAITH; FANCY FREE AND HEART BOUND; THE SIX SHOTS; HEN HALPIN'S DORG; A PANTHER RACE; KEEP ALONG; BIG HOLLAND'S REVENGE; ALICE; THE RESCUE; ADA AND HER LOVERS; and several poems by the same author; THE POOR SHOEMAKER and GOTLEIN'S LAGER; THE DEATH SHOT; A GRIM SPECTER, etc., etc.

Will use a CLOSE ACQUAINTANCE WITH JUDGE LYNN; A RACE WITH THE APACHES; JIM DAYTON'S DEAD FALL; DEVIL'S BLUFF; ONE AGAINST FOUR."

Why Do WE MOURN? is singularly made up of good and defective lines. The author evidently has talent, but it is unskilled and untaught.

We can not give the author of THE TEN FEET an "opinion." It is quite enough for us to read the mass of MS. which daily finds its way to our table.

We return ESSIE'S PRIDE and TOO MANY COOKS SPOTTED THE BROTH. The sketches are too simple in incident. The first-named has been told over and over again. The author must, in the invention of incident, seek for novelty, in some shape.

The poor LOVER'S MASK, is a joke, we fear. Not a joke then that the writer must be looked after, for he'll be getting into the river of which he sings:

"The whole bottom is covered with sparkling stones
Which look up in their glittering beauty,
And I, in imagination see
So like your love and purity."

Can make no use of poem, MISERIES OF WAR. It is rhyme but not poetry. No address or stamps.

We return sketch TANGHANNOCK. M. K., of Providence, writes about her own business, asking information and an answer, and remits no stamps. Judging from her note we should say she could not write a book worthy of publication.

Thanks to Mr. Spikes' of Keokuk for his good opinion of the Star. He regards it, as do thousands of others, as the most attractive of all the Weeklies. It is a great success, in all senses.

Must return RACE FOR LIFE—having a sufficient class of matter. As a composition, it is somewhat defective. Author has yet to learn the art of punctuation.

Again we say, to all authors remitting us contributions—put your name and address on the first MS. page.

ITEMS OF HISTORY not available. Writer is both young and not well "posted." As a rule, it is dangerous to attempt an elucidation where you knowledge is meager.

"LINE" is a term used in printing, that means a line. As to the number of words, count a line and you will solve the problem. As columns differ in width, and type differs in size, so the number of words in a line differ. The advertising columns of the SATURDAY JOURNAL average ten words to a line.

LEONA can address "Beat Time" through us. He is open to presents, he informs us, from a tin whistle down to a pass to visit the Lunatic Asylum. He don't keep a horse, but his half-sister's mother's first husband lives near by, in the cemetery.

A. L. S. writes approvingly of woman's right to go to lectures, etc., without a man bean, and praises one of the "strong-minded," Mrs. L. Everyone to their taste.

Authors will please arrange their MSS. ready for mailing by having their first page first, not last, in the order of arrangement. Some writers are so careless as to remit their contributions "wrong end first"—a sure sign that it has had no second reading by themselves, and therefore no revision.

Foolscap Papers.

The Battle of New Orleans.

This battle was fought on the 8th of Jan., 1815, A. D. or B. C., I don't remember which exactly, as I wasn't in that neighborhood at the time, and of course did not see it, and the historians are not to be depended upon more. It was fought some time after the declaration of peace, and therefore they did not count it. The telegraph not being in working order at the time caused the difficulty, and it was a matter of much re-Morse to both nations, and the mistake was greatly deplored by those who fell on that field.

The gentleman who commanded the English was Packin'ham, and he had crossed the brine, thinking it would be handy to lay in a new stock of Orleans molasses too—he wanted to lick something, but I may anticipate and say that he got licked worse than molasses. Beauty and Booty was also his cry, and I think he missed the first but got the bootee.

Jackar Genson had charge of the Americans, who were fashionably entrenched behind breastworks of cotton, knowing well that if they got into difficulty they would have no trouble in getting plenty of bale, or words to that effect.

The general swore eternally that the Union must and shall be preserved if the American women went without cotton for a year; then the British advanced to the martial music of three hand-organs and one piano, fired and fell back; those that didn't fall back ran back because of the Americans opening on them a terrible cordonnet. In this attack one regiment of British suddenly had its retreat cut off and nearly bleed to death in consequence.

The American troops were like the cotton, raw, but no matter how hard they were pressed they laid behind these cotton-bales as if they had been *drilling* for years and proceeded to give the British a good *battling*.

The British General commissioned a lot of commission merchants from the north to go and cabbage those cotton-bales, and though they came very near doing it they didn't quite.

It may be said that there were more pounds at those bales than there were in them. The sharpshooters had a lively time in picking off hundreds of British officers with patent apple and cotton-pickers and tooth-picks. Several thousands of British would have been placed *hors du combat* at the first fire, but all the balls that were fired didn't hit. At one time the American General was riding along his lines, and if he had been struck fair and square by a round cannon ball he would have in all probability been killed, or it would have been a wonderful escape—such narrow escapes men sometimes run. During the next attack three of the best American guns went off without saying anything to anybody; a battalion of cavalry was sent after them but they couldn't catch them. One Lieutenant missed his presence of mind, but it was afterward caught and treated as a deserter.

The British employed some army carpenters at two dollars and a half a day and board to make a detour—I don't recollect what they made it out of—but the Americans organized a joint company of butchers to make a cut at them with a *flank* movement, which had the effect of breaking their *tentes* and sending them back with very retiring dispositions and with great slaughter-house.

Every volley hundreds of English gentlemen had their heads taken off or were otherwise disfigured for life. General Packenham was killed—it was the most unfortunate thing that could have happened to him—a ball penetrated his clothes-line and completely ruined his military system. Every man that was in the battle claimed the shot, and they ought to be awarded the

highest honor.

Such a hot fire was kept up from the British batteries that it is a marvel of history that all the raw American cotton was not cooked. Charges and counter-charges, and over-charges, and discharges, and charges to lose, were all of no avail, and cotton still remained firm, even in spite of the British advances and re-seedings, and the cotton gin-ral rode composedly along his lines cheering his men with three cheers and a tiger, with his fan before him to protect his countenance from bodily harm and preserve its intact for the purpose of serenely ornamenting future two-cent postage-stamps, and to receive the only licking he ever got.

The Americans lost only seven killed and six wounded—four of the former were surgeons who killed themselves in despair because they had no limbs to take off—no *timber* could portray their disappointment.

The poor Lover's Mask, is a joke, we fear. Not a joke then that the writer must be looked after, for he'll be getting into the river of which he sings:

"The whole bottom is covered with sparkling stones
Which look up in their glittering beauty,
And I, in imagination see
So like your love and purity."

Can make no use of poem, MISERIES OF WAR. It is rhyme but not poetry. No address or stamps.

We return sketch TANGHANNOCK. M. K., of Providence, writes about her own business, asking information and an answer, and remits no stamps. Judging from her note we should say she could not write a book worthy of publication.

in the hands of the American cotton dealers, but as the field was somewhat large and rather heavy, it is to be supposed they didn't hold it very long. One colored cook turned white, and this was the only man the dairies lost on that day.

There is room for much speculation in regard to this battle. How strange it is to think that the battle would not have been fought if word had been sent in time, or that if the British had not been there would have been no bloodshed, or that if the Americans had been absent the battle would have been obviated, or that—but I am infringing upon Massachusetts metaphysics, and there are the pigs to feed.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Onward and Upward!

Our great increase in sales since the commencement of "The Phantom Princess," has proved it to be the hit of the New Year. Orders by telegraph and mail flow in upon us from East, West, North and South. Edition after edition is thus exhausted. We are running our presses night and day to meet this demand. Readers who want to secure copies of our *first editions* should leave orders at their newsdealers *at once*. Our late improvements certainly have made the SATURDAY JOURNAL, in typewriting, illustration and story, the best and most beautiful weekly story-paper published in the world.

On the advent of our last literary star—our Hunter-Author—thousands have been doubly convinced of this fact, and, like a new luminary, the "peerless paper" shoots high upon the wave of popular favor.

MUSIC VS. NOISE.

A POETICAL young damsel informs me that "the sweetest music one can hear is the prattle of a darling child." That's very good, regarded in a poetical light, but I scarcely think she ever took care of a friend's young one, as I have done, or maybe she wouldn't continue in the same frame of mind. How she would have enjoyed the same prattle, if she was reading an intensely-interesting story, and had come to that portion where Claribel jumps from the tower into her lover's arms, to be interrupted by being asked if C. A. T. doesn't spell dog; or when she was pondering over Claribel's extreme patience, and resolving to profit by it, have the child prattle in a squally manner, because it had cut its little finger with a naughty knife. Her good resolution would not be carried out; Claribel's troubles would give way to her own. That's the time for her to write about the "sweetest music being the prattle of a darling child." Doesn't she love to hear this prattle at the breakfast-table squalling for everything that lies within its reach, and warbling its notes at the highest pitch if its wants are not complied with?

"Oh! how beautiful is the music of lovers' words, as they are wafted on the midnight air!" Sweet sentiment, isn't it? But if you were kept awake last night by the meeting of Biddy and her fellow, you would say that there was more noise than music to it. It seemed to me to be a jingle of, when Pat's employer died he was to be better off, and that he and Biddy were to go to housekeeping in a room where they'd have the privilege of selling "praties," peanuts and crackers. These two souls would be happy in the future, by making me miserable in the present.

In "our grandfathers' days," the women-folks used to stop at home, and their pleasant words sounded like sweet music. Now, forsaken, they must rush to the rostrum, shout in a brazen manner, to a promiscuous audience, profound absurd queries, as to why they came into existence, and have all good people exclaim, "How much money she must get!" instead of, "How much good she is doing!"

Give us a little less noise, lady orators, and a great deal more music.

"How heavenly Signora Squaki does sing!" said a friend of mine, in an enthusiastic manner. I went to hear her. Where the heavenly portion came in, I was to learn. I thought her tones were enough to frighten every angel out of Paradise. Why can't people be more particular in their modes of expressing themselves?

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," but I wouldn't advise Signora Squaki to try her lungs on the noble men; they might take it as an Italian war-hoop, and "cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war."

There's music in a merry laugh, but it's painful to notice our actresses "put on" that merry laugh. It doesn't seem natural to them to do it, and, as a general thing, it is a most lamentable failure. And, gentlemen, will you allow Eve to state that the majority of your audiences think there is more noise than music in *your* ranting? Ranting is unnatural, unmusical, and unadorned.

"But where is music to be found?" you ask. Well, come with me, and I'll endeavor to show you. Come into the abode of suffering; bring your pocket-book with you; give its contents to the deserving poor. "God bless and reward you!" will be the thankful cry. Is not that sweet music? Notice the young man surrounded by temptations, and though induced to join with his dissolute companions, he has the courage to say "No!" Is that noise or music? Listen to the sweet tones of the maiden as she promises to be a faithful, loving wife. Those tones are far more heavenly than all of Signora Squaki's trills and squeaks.

Why are all the songs written about "Mother" so exquisite and touching? For the simple reason that the subject of them has the purest and most musical name. We may tire of other things, of other persons and places, but can we ever tire of the name of mother? And, mothers, I have a word for you: your children will find more music in your words of love than in your harsh scoldings. A noisy house is a house of discord, but a quiet house is one of love.

EVE LAWLESS.

Twenty Readers to One Paper.

J. L. A., of Carroll Co., N. H., writes that the SATURDAY JOURNAL is such a favorite in his neighborhood that his copy is read regularly by twenty persons, and gives great delight. If our friend was a little more selfish he might induce some of his *patrons* to subscribe for a copy for themselves; but we are happy to see our paper "on the rounds." It proves that the people want it. A stupid paper nobody cares to borrow or read. Let the twenty have the paper; they'll soon be calling for one exclusively for their household. Our reception by the *households* of the land is truly a cheering "sign of the times," and our astonishing increase in circulation which already places us in the front ranks, is a most gratifying proof that *a few* weekly is a "welcome guest" at this time.

SATURDAY JOURNAL.

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A puzzled expression crept over the bronzed features of the sailor as he looked upon the pale face of the hairdresser.

"My companion, Miss Hall," said Mrs. Corton, noticing the look of the sailor.

The girl simply bowed her head at the introduction, but without raising her eyes to the stranger's face.

"But sit down, Frank, and tell me where you have been all this time, and are you married yet?"

"I had the dearest little wife in all the world," said the sailor, seating himself.

Miss Hall started at these words. She raised her eyes and gazed upon the stranger's face with a puzzled look. Then an expression of pain shot across her pale features, and, with a suppressed sigh, she let her gaze fall again.

The sailor, though apparently not noticing the girl, yet had watched her as keenly as the cat watches the mouse.

"Do tell us all about yourself. Why, with that great ugly beard, you look just like the Wandering Jew!" cried Mrs. Corton.

"Very well, I will. You know that I was mate of a clipper ship sailing between New York and San Francisco. About five years ago my ship left San Francisco on our return trip to New York. It was the last trip my ship ever made, for, in a violent storm, we ran on a reef in the night. The ship sunk almost instantly; myself and two others alone escaped the wreck. We were cast upon a desolate island."

"Like Robinson Crusoe!" cried Mrs. Corton, deeply interested.

"Exactly," replied the sailor, with a smile. "As I have said, three escaped the wreck; myself, an aged clergyman and a young girl."

"A young girl?"

"Yes, she and her father, the minister, were passengers on board the ship."

Miss Hall's little white fingers trembled as they busied themselves in the ebon locks of hair. She was evidently as deeply interested in "cousin Frank's" story as her mistress.

"With portions of the wreck washed ashore by the sea, I constructed a rude cabin that served us for shelter. Some few chests and barrels were also washed ashore, containing salted meats and various other articles, among which were, luckily, some fishing-lines and hooks. And as the sea that washed the island abounded in fish, and the island itself was full of sea-fowl, we were in no danger of starving."

"Three days after the wreck the old minister was taken ill. The hardship through which he had passed had brought upon him a dangerous sickness. He felt that death was near."

"He called his daughter and myself to his bedside; calmly he told us that he knew he had not many hours to live. Then he spoke of the chance of rescue from the island. That rescue might come at any moment for our island was in the direct track of northern-bound vessels."

"Then he spoke of his daughter, alone on earth."

"I saw instantly what was troubling the mind of the good old man. His death would leave the girl and myself alone on the desolate island. I saw but one way out of the strange situation. I had, secretly, loved the girl from the moment she had come on board the ship at San Francisco. I offered at once to make her my wife."

"The eyes of the old man sparkled with joy at the proposal."

"The daughter, shyly and lowly, murmured her consent."

"The old minister made us man and wife, and with his dying breath gave us his blessing."

"And did the lady love you?" questioned Mrs. Corton, eagerly.

"I believed so," replied the sailor, slowly.

"For four weeks I was in a heaven of happiness though on the island waste, surrounded by the wild sea-waves. Eve, my wife, seemed to be all that a woman should be to a man. But, one evening, I was rudely wakened from my dream of happiness. I had started, early in the morning, for the eastward side of the island—some three miles from our cabin—for the purpose of procuring fish, as they were more plentiful on that side of the island."

"On returning home, just before evening, from the summit of a cliff, I beheld the white sails of a ship far out on the rolling waters."

"Mad with joy at the sight, I rushed down the slope to my rude cabin, impatient to tell my darling wife of the chance of escape that seemed so near."

"I found the cabin empty! My wife was gone! In wild despair I rushed to the beach. There, on the smooth sand, was the print of many feet, and the impression of a boat's keel."

"The truth flashed upon me in an instant. The ship had sent a boat to the shore, and my wife had escaped without thinking of me. She had basely deserted the man who loved her better than he did all the world beside."

The voice of the sailor deepened as he spoke. Mrs. Corton listened with eager attention. The seamstress did not lift her downcast eyes, but the big tear-drops, slowly coursing down her pallid cheeks, told of the deep emotion the story of the sailor had inspired.

"As I stood there, on the strand, and gazed upon the tell-tale marks, like a man in a dream, the night came suddenly on—in the tropics, there is no twilight. With the night came a terrible storm. In the morning no sign of the ship was to be seen! How I escaped madness, I can not tell."

"Three weeks later, another ship came in sight, and I was rescued."

"The ship was a clipper, bound for San Francisco. On arriving there, I met some friends going to the mines; I joined them, and, after three years, tired of mining life, I came back to San Francisco, met one of my old captains and shipped with him for New York, and here I am."

"And you have never discovered any traces of your wife?" asked Mrs. Corton.

"Never."

"She was a disgrace to the name of woman to act so," exclaimed Mrs. Corton, warmly.

"Perhaps you judge her too harshly," said the sewing-girl, quietly, and with a sad accent.

"Why, can you defend such an action?" said Mrs. Corton, in astonishment.

"Suppose that she had told the sailors in the boat that came to the island that her husband was there. Suppose that they answered that they would return for him, then carried her to the ship, and there the captain heard her story. Then came the night, and with the night, the storm that drove

the ship many, many miles away, so that it was impossible to return. Perhaps the wife suffered as much as the husband, at being torn from the one who was all in all to her, and to whom she had given all the love he precious burden to the boat."

"Eve!" cried the sailor, rising in agitation.

In another instant the sewing-girl was folded to his heart.

Cousin Frank had found his long-lost wife.

Her apparent desertion was fully explained.

The ship that rescued her was bound for New York. There she had vainly sought to gain tidings of her husband. At last, believing that he was dead, she assumed her maiden name, and, with a assumed bowed down with sorrow, toiled on, wishing for death to come and end her misery. But, the blackest cloud will break in time, and with the breaking came joy to the heart of the Ocean Bride.

The College Rivals: OR, THE BELLE OF PROVIDENCE.

BY DR. WM. MASON TURNER.
AUTHOR OF \$50,000 REWARD, THE RUBY RING, MA-
BEL VANE, MASKED MINER, ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

A LIGHT IN SIGHT.

It was Ralph Ross who sat in the stern sheets of the "Two Boys" that squarely afternoon and guided the rushing yacht, with a bold and steady hand.

It is true, that, as he came thundering across the fore-foot of the little "Bay State," his boat did indeed seem to be unmanageable, and the long main-sheet was whipping in the wind. But it would have seemed singular to a disinterested observer to notice how soon after the collision this truant main-sheet was hauled in; how the flying boat came so suddenly up in the wind!

It was singular, too, and it can not be denied that, when Ralph Ross saw the collision inevitable, he did not put his helm a-port, and bring his craft up in the wind. There was nothing to prevent this. He might have shipped a half-barrel of water in the maneuver, but he would have run no

arm was wound around a halyard. Then, with the wet, fainting form of the girl secure in the encircling grasp of his left arm, the student slowly drew himself and his precious burden to the boat.

At last he paused in his efforts; for a time, at least, he had saved Madeleine Fleming's life.

Then he spoke sweet words, encouragingly, in her ear, and pressed her dripping form close to his breast.

The only utterances Madeleine made were:

"Fenton—dear Fenton! Heaven be praised!"

There they clung that raw night, in the wind, and amid the waves, which were breaking over them at every surge. But Fenton Thorne was happy; nay, he was cheerful; for he had saved Madeleine from a watery grave, and she was now doubtless dear to him.

The student was hatless and coatless, but he cared not for that and he shook his proud head defiantly, as the rude wind flung his long hair, wildly, in his face.

Thus they drifted, and still they saw no welcoming light, no hope!

Further and further from shore the helpless yacht was carrying them. But just then—yes—a bright red light shot around the jutting spit ahead, and then a rocket flashed across the black sky; then another. Then came the heavy scream of a steamer's whistle, booming over the rush of the waves and the roar of the wind.

Nearer the light! nearer the darting rockets! nearer the friendly whistle!

At last the dark, looming outlines of the steamer came dimly into view, her decks thronged; from those decks loud, anxious murmur and halloos were borne, over the waters.

The red lantern at the black bow flashed over the wrecked yacht, and then Fenton Thorne raised high his voice and sent forth a frenzied cry.

In a moment a cheer went up from a hundred throats on that dark steamer's decks. The paddles ceased to move, and the craft forged slowly ahead. Then the letters on her bright, glowing lantern shone read the name: "CHICOOPEE."

"Heaven be praised!" murmured the young man, and he would have slipped with his burden, from exhaustion, into the water, had not, at that moment, a sinewy hand grasped him with a vice-like grip.

"Do you love him well enough to become his wife?" continued the old man, looking straight into her heart, blushing face.

"Yes, father, I do—I believe I do; but we are both too young yet," was the reply, in a low, soft tone.

"True, true, my child!" exclaimed the old merchant, in a disappointed tone. "But, Fenton Thorne's father is very rich—Fenton will be in time!"

These words were spoken as if the speaker was communing with himself.

"What were you saying, papa?" asked the maiden, who had but imperfectly heard the words.

"Nearer, Madeleine," said the father.

The girl drew her chair close to his.

"Now, Madeleine, listen," said the old merchant, in a low tone, looking steadily at the girl, as her full, frank eyes were lifted, trustingly, to his face.

"I have a weighty secret to confide to you, my child. But, Madeleine, do you love Fenton Thorne?"

The question was blunt and sudden, and the girl blushed deeply.

"Yes, father, I do," was her reply.

"Do you love him well enough to become his wife?" continued the old man, looking straight into her heart, blushing face.

"Yes, father, I—I believe I do; but we are both too young yet," was the reply, in a low, soft tone.

"True, true, my child!" exclaimed the old merchant, in a disappointed tone. "But, Fenton Thorne's father is very rich—Fenton will be in time!"

Myra mused before she answered.

"You may not see it, Ralph, but—I can!"

And even should I not be benefited by it, why I'll enjoy a brief triumph, anyway. I can smile with satisfaction at the rage and anxiety of Fenton Thorne!"

"But that will not gain him to you, Myra."

"I care not—yet—I do care! Alas! alas! sometimes, Ralph, I wish the "Bay State" and her passengers had gone to the bottom, both of them! Then this terrible struggle now going on in my breast, would at least be over!"

"Would that indeed be a satisfaction, Myra? Rather, is it not now a part of your existence, that you may win the love of that upstart, Fenton Thorne?"

"He is no upstart, Ralph, though, I confess, I am beginning—just beginning, mind you—to hate the fellow. He treats me with such cool contempt. And then, that forever-intermeddling friend of his, Stephen Smith—I despise the fellow! and—and, Ralph, you are strong and active; why do you not take this brown-faced Kentuckian—for for my sake?"

Ralph had good reasons for not caning Stephen Smith, but he simply answered:

"Nonsense, nonsense, Myra! Smith has never—never harmed me, why should I interfere with him?"

"Is that your only reason, Ralph? However, let it pass! We must try our game! Madeleine Fleming must—well, you know what—for a time. Whether or not harm befalls her, I care not! I have saved enough from my father's stinted pin-money to pay whatever expenses may be incurred. If we can manage this, why, I can see what may be done to gain Fenton Thorne."

"You mean Fenton Thorne's money, Myra?" said Ross, sarcastically. The girl did not even wince.

"As you will, Ralph," she said; "but that matters not. If this fails with the girl, I'll poison her to him, and I'll scruple at no means which promise success. What care I for reputation, veracity, fair-dealing, or any thing else? Once arouse the girl's jealousy—I know what it is, Ralph—give her good grounds for this jealousy, and trust me for a love-sick woman's anger! Then all will be well!"

"I favor the other plan, any way, Myra; and Tim Smooth is wondrously like the fellow."

"In every thing save all that makes a man! But, Tim Smooth, poor fool that he is, will still be useful to us, and we must use him. For a few paltry dollars he is ours!"

"Can he act his part?"

"Trust me for training him! But we will—" her voice sank to a lower key, as a man's steps were heard approaching. Then a tall figure walked leisurely by. The walker did not observe the quiet sitters; if he did, he chose not to notice them.

When he had passed, Myra turned to Ralph, and said, in a low voice:

"That was Stephen Smith, I am sure! I know his footfall—the meddlesome busy-wisher."

"Fortunate thing he did not hear us, Myra!" said Ross, with a feeling of relief.

"I care not for him! I defy him! But, Ralph, listen well again to your instructions. Remember, if all goes—her voice again sunk into a low, inaudible, confidential whisper.

It was Stephen Smith who had walked by so leisurely; but when he was once out of earshot, the good fellow paused, and gave one of his peculiar low whistles; and then—yes, it must be confessed—he uttered a very forcible exclamation. Polite or otherwise, it seemed to relieve Stephen. That exclamation had not the faintest reference to Myra Hoxley or Ross; but then Stephen instantly strode on, by the depot, thence across to Westminster street, over the bridge up into College street; and his stride was not slow or halting.

Beyond a doubt, the young man was very serious. In a few moments he was hid beneath the heavy gloom of the trees bordering the narrow street. But Stephen Smith did not enter the college grounds.

The night wore on. The late lights were still burning in that little back sitting-room of the rich manufacturer.

Beyond a doubt, that was strange company for Welcome Hoxley, the face aglow, it seemed, with anticipated, prayed-for triumph, his hands jingling nervously the heavy seals of his watch-chain, stood at one end of the room, near the head of the table.



THE OCEAN BRIDE.

"Saved! saved!" echoed from the crowded steamer, as Madeleine Fleming and Fenton Thorne were lifted aboard.

And the hand that did this giant's task was that of Stephen Smith, the Kentuckian.

And old Arthur Fleming, as he once more held his daughter to his bosom, sunk, fainting, on the deck of the steamer.

"I did my best to avert the disaster, and to save you," said Ralph Ross, advancing from the crowd, "but the main-sheet—"

"Villain and falsifier! And are you here?" exclaimed the coatless hero, Fenton Thorne, rushing toward the other.

"Sh! sh! Fent! Better thank Heaven that you and Madeleine are saved. Whatever the man did, he certainly was instrumental in saving your lives," said Stephen Smith's strong arm held his friend back.

But Myra Hoxley, stern and pale, by the saloon door, on the dark deck of the "Chicopee," said not a word.

CHAPTER XV.

LATE LIGHTS.

Two weeks had elapsed since the catastrophe in the bay. The excitement occasioned by the affair, and the suspicions it had awakened, were, alike, dying away.

His two visitors were conferring together. At length they looked up; one of them said:

"Well, Mr. Hoxley, you can count on us, but first, sir, swear solemnly that, whatever comes of this, our names will not be mentioned."

"I'll swear—I'll swear, my men, of course—of course!" said the old man, hastily.

After hunting about for a moment or so, he found a small Testament.

"I swear, by the Holy Evangelists, never to implicate either of you in the matter!" and he kissed the book without flinching.

"Very good, sir. We accept your terms, and we will gain your ends!" Once gone, you shall never hear again of—"

"H'sh! sh! no names!" interrupted the old man, glancing around him nervously.

"You are cautious, sir, but you are wise. But now, sir, we'll sign the agreement, and then would like to handle the gold—the hush-money, sir."

Old Hoxley hesitated; but it was only a momentary hesitation. From a drawer in the table he took two papers.

"Sign both," he said, spreading them out on the table; "you two will keep me, I the other."

The men did as directed. Then the old manufacturer took from a safe a leather bag of heavy weight, and slowly counted over the glittering pile, and then, with a half-sigh, shoved it toward the men. They quickly secured the money about their persons, and, without a word, took their hats and coarse overcoats, stole down the stairs, and noiselessly out into the street.

They hurriedly took their way down Prospect street, toward the southern wharves.

Scarcely had they gone twenty paces, when, directly opposite the Hoxley mansion, a tall form slowly emerged from the gloom and followed on after.

On went the two mysterious men and the one who hung upon their footsteps. At last the wharves were reached.

Feeling around for awhile in the gloom, one of the men drew in by a painter's ship, tall and tapering spars, showed like a giant specter in the night. The man who had so persistently followed after the others paused.

"Strange—very strange!" he said; "the old—man keeps bad company. I am afraid!" and he turned to retrace his steps.

As he paused under a solitary lamp-light, the flickering beams revealed the very serious features of Stephen Smith, the Kentuckian.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 44.)

Murdered by Fate.

BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

"You say, Hal, that a man may kill another in battle, or by accident, and that no haunting memories will come to him? I differ with you; I know it is not so."

The speaker, Ward Childs, was a slight but gracefully-fo'ned man, of apparently thirty years of age, with a face of almost womanly beauty—but there was an expression in his deep-blue eyes which proved there was no lack of courage or determination in them to do or dare anything. He had served with distinction through the war of the Union, winning several promotions upon the field; but, except that he had been left an orphan, with some means, at fourteen, and was receiving his education in Europe at the breaking out of the war, and had immediately returned to America and entered the army, little was known of him.

He visited New York after the close of the struggle, and securing pleasant apartments furnished them handsomely, and devoted his time to amusements of various kinds. Though a pet in society, and having many acquaintances, Ward Childs had few intimate friends, for I knew of but one other besides Hal Green—the person to whom the remark which opens this sketch, was addressed—and myself. Hal Green and myself had dined with Ward on that day, and, while smoking our cigars after dinner, the conversation had turned upon pangs of conscience caused by taking the life of a human being. Captain Green was a brave officer, had served the Union faithfully, and was known to have killed two men in a saber conflict; and his remark that he had done it in self-defense, and did not allow it to trouble him, was the cause of Ward's reply.

The gallant captain puffed a ring of smoke into the air, and questioned:

"What think you, colonel?"

"I agree with Childs," I answered, "for I believe it impossible under any and all circumstances, to send a fellow-creature's soul into eternity, and not feel it; for, no matter how wicked the slain might be, there is some one that loved him, some one that will miss him; and, besides, you have taken life, and that thought alone must haunt you. I speak generally, not personally, Hal."

"I understand you, colonel," was the captain's pleasant response, and for a moment there was silence, which was at length broken by Ward, who said, quietly:

"I dislike to be egotistical, but will tell you of an incident in my own life, merely pour passer le temps." Throwing aside his cigar he began: "I believe you both know that I am a Tennesseean, and that I lived there until my eighteenth year, when I went to Europe."

"Around my old home there were many caves in the mountains, and it used to be my delight to explore them, accompanied by my faithful attendant, a negro boy. One evening I was returning alone from a hunt, when a storm overtook me, and, running for shelter to a rocky point projecting from the mountain, I saw a small cave and sat down in its entrance to protect me from the rain."

"I dropped to sleep, being very tired, and some time after was awakened by an indescribable feeling that some unseen danger was near me. Night had come on; the storm was still raging, and I felt exceedingly uncomfortable, when I was rendered more so by a loud shriek, yell or howl, for I do not know how to express what I heard, coming from within the cavern."

At first I was paralyzed, but then was reassured, when I knew that it must be a panther which I had hemmed in his retreat. I placed my rifle in position, and, peering intently into the dark recesses of the cave,

I saw two glittering eyes turned upon me. I was a good shot, so determined to risk it, and, raising my rifle, I aimed deliberately and fired. A low moan followed, and after assuring myself that I had killed the object I fired at I crawled slowly toward the spot with my knife in my hand. Feeling about on the damp ground my hand touched something soft and warm. I clutched it, and—horror! my hand covered the face of a human being!

"How I got home I do not know, but I told my story, was taken down with delirium, and, upon getting well, was told that I had killed an old man a maniac, who had lived in his retreat in the mountain for years.

He was a harmless old man, whom I often had fed and felt for his misery."

"Soon after I sailed for Europe, and, though his death at my hands was an accident, that deed haunts me night and day. Though my act was a release from torment—though my act was purely a mistake, which any other person might have made—though I mourned over it with sorrow, deep and sincere—I still feel in my heart the heavy load of human blood. Never will it cease to weigh me down. Never take a human life, my friends," he added, solemnly—"no, not even to save your own."

RED ARROW, The Wolf Demon: OR, THE QUEEN OF THE KANAWHA.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

AUTHOR OF "ACE OF SPADES," "SCARLET HAND," &c.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE TOTEM OF THE TENESE.

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It did not require a close inspection to determine their character. They were the marks of snow-shoes, and showed the trail of quite a large party of Indians, traveling from north to south, or at right-angles to my own course.

Judging from appearances, there being no drift in the trail, I concluded that the band had passed within the hour, and were probably at that moment not very far off.

A moment's thought determined me to follow the trail, at least a sufficient distance to make sure of their whereabouts, as I intended camping near by for the night, and it would not do to have them for too close neighbors.

For more than a mile the broad trail preserved a due southerly course, down the valley, but at its lower extremity, and at a point, where the band had halted for consultation, as was evident from the trampled snow, it suddenly divided, the larger portion going off more to the westward, while the remainder, four in number, struck out to the south-east.

I did not at all like the appearance of things.

This dividing of forces looked very much as though it was done to cover, or "heat up," as much country as possible. They would, the larger part, again split and send out another scout. They might return over the same ground, for it was plainly a hunting-party, and then my chances would be somewhat doubtful.

The thought determined my course of action.

I would follow the trail of the small party, discover their object, and, if necessary, and the opportunity was good, attack.

The course taken led across another and smaller valley, over a low range of hills, and so on into a narrow and rugged defile that cut into the larger range beyond, and known as the Red Canon.

By this time night was rapidly falling, though, as the sun went down, the full moon rose bright and clear, flooding the mountains with her mellow light, which, reflected from the snow, lit up the scene with almost noon-day distinctness.

Within the canon, however, the shadows lay heavy and dark, and into it the trail led.

Cautiously feeling my way over the rugged path, peering round corners, and over fallen rocks, I advanced for more than half a mile before I perceived any indications of the Indians' presence. At a point where the canon made an abrupt bend, almost at right-angles, I paused, to take more careful observations, and was rewarded by discovering the faint reflection of a red light than that of the moon, upon the face of a cliff that reared its lofty front just beyond the curve.

The party had camped for the night, and was within striking distance.

But, should I strike? and if so, how? were the points to be considered.

Without alarming the enemy, I gained the angle, and cautiously looked around me.

I like to have betrayed my presence by the involuntary start I gave, so unexpected closely was the fire to where I stood, but, fortunately for me, the Indians were busy with their jerked buffalo, and so took no heed of the slight noise I made.

The position of the camp was in every way favorable for a sudden and successful assault.

The fire had been built against the left-hand side of the gulch, just at the foot of a cliff, some ten or twelve feet in height, the top of which I saw could be reached by retracing my steps a few yards and climbing around a narrow ledge that ran in the rear of the larger cliff, at whose base I stood.

The Indians were closely grouped or squatted around the fire, eating their tough buffalo, and striving to get some warmth into their half-naked bodies.

They were Jacarilla Apaches—a tribe I had good reason to remember, and to whom I felt little disposed to show mercy. Of this I will speak hereafter.

My plan of action was quickly decided upon, and I at once proceeded to carry it into effect.

Laying aside all cumbersome articles, and retaining only my six-shooter and knife, I retraced my way to a point where the cliff could be scaled, and at once mounted to the ledge above.

The facilities for approach were even better than I expected, and in five minutes I stood directly above the Indian camp.

Pausing a few moments to gather breath and steady myself—for I knew that a single misstep would turn the tables and make me the victim—I dropped upon hands and knees, and cautiously approaching the edge of the cliff, looked over.

The Indians had not altered their positions in the least, and again drawing back out of sight, I muffled the revolver in the skirt of my coat, and drew back the hammer.

Once more I crept to the brink, leaned forward, and selecting the warrior who seemed to be the leader, sent a ball crashing through his brain.

Almost before the sound had reached their startled ears, and before either of the remaining three could gain his feet, I fired again, and another fell in his tracks.

But, in my eagerness and haste, I nearly lost my life.

Intent only on firing as rapidly as possible—for I knew if one escaped, I would be beset by the whole party in less than an hour perhaps—I heedlessly leaped too far over my balance, and, when just on the point of emptying my third chamber, fell headlong between the two affrighted warriors. An Indian is quick to recover from surprise, and hence I had scarcely touched the earth before they leaped upon me.

I instinctively fired as I lay, and fortunately the ball took effect in the shoulder of one assailant; and though not a mortal wound, crippled him badly.

I need not dwell upon the fight.

All such conflicts are much alike. A certain amount of struggling, kicking, knife-thrusting and dicing, make up the whole, and the end is always the defeat of one or the other party.

In this case I proved, after a long and deadly struggle, the victor, and finally stood, bleeding from half a dozen slight knife-wounds, looking down upon the bodies of four wretches, who, in life, wished for nothing on earth so much as a white man's scalp.

I had to lay by for some days, and was much surprised, one morning, to see Uncle "Grizzly" stalk into camp.

The old fellow had got uneasy about me, left his camp on the Gilla, and, in crossing the mountains, stumbled on my trail—no snow having fallen since I passed—and run me to earth in the Jacarillas' camp.

THE VOICES AT THE THRONE.

A little meek-faced, quiet village child,
Sat singing, by her cottage door at eve,
A soft, sweet, simple song, that all her ear
Caught the faint melody. No human eye
Beheld the upturned aspect of the smile,
That wreathed her innocent lips the while they
breathed.
The oft-repeated burden of the hymn,
"Praise God! praise God!"

A seraph by the Throne,
In the full glory stood. With eager hands
He smote the golden harp strings, till a flood
Of harmony on the celestial spheres
Welled forth unceasing. Then, with a great
voice,
He sung the "Holy, holy, evermore,
Lord God Almighty!" And the eternal courts
Thrilled with the rapture, and the hierarchies
Angels and rapt archangel, throbbed and
burned
With vehement adoration. Higher yet
Came the majestic anthem without pause,
Huge with rich magnificence of sound,
To its full strength, and still the infinite
Heaven.

Rung with the "Holy, holy, evermore,"
In full strain with voices of song and love,
Each septentrional spirit sunk before the Throne
With a mute Hallelujah. But even then,
While the ecstatic song was at its height,
Stole in an alien voice—a voice that seemed
To float, now upward from some world afar,
And like a child-like voice, faint, but how
sweet!
That blended with the seraphs' rushing strain,
Even as a fountain's music with the roar
Of the reverberate thunder. Loving smiles
Lit up the beauty of each smiling face,
All new and various, smiles of joy, that grew
More joyous yet, as ever and anon
Was heard the simple burden of the hymn,
"Praise God! praise God!"

Heard reached its close, and o'er the golden lyre
Silent, but brooding—when the eternal courts
Rung with but echoes of his chant sublime—
Still through the abyssmal space that wandering
voiced
Came floating upward from its world afar,
Still murmured sweet on the celestial air,
"Praise God! praise God!"

Cruiser Crusoe: OR, LIFE ON A TROPIC ISLE.

BY LAFAYETTE LAFOREST.

NUMBER FORTY-EIGHT.

To carry her to the huts, to wrap her in such things as they could spare, to rub her before a fire, was their first task; but only when some of the turtle-soup had been poured down her throat did she seem to revive. As it afterward proved, she was suffering from exhaustion and want of food, far more than from exposure to the merciless waves. When her eyes had opened once or twice and her heaving bosom began to inhale, with devouring eagerness, the air which apparently had left her forever, she was placed in the girls' hut, and there nursed by Polly and Ellen.

Not a word was said to her. All she was allowed to do was to be still, and occasionally, when she awoke, sip the savory and invigorating broth with which they continually supplied her.

Next day she was able to sit up; but when they began to question her, it was found that she could not understand one word that was said, while her language, though musical, was unintelligible. How this waif from the sea had been cast upon those shores, whence she came, and what she was must then, for the present, remain a mystery.

Polly looked upon her as her prize, and straightway got the negroes to build a special hut for the two, where she could, during every leisure moment she could bestow, devote herself to the education of the girl, whom my father and uncle declared to be no negress, but rather of some Arab race, though for want of a better name they called her the Indian girl.

Gentle, docile, and at the same time ingenious, she was very useful. She could make snares for birds; while, before she had been a month on the island, she had discovered a tree, which, by signs, she requested the negroes to cut down for her. They being now, in a way to be presently recorded, possessed of axes, did as she wished, and obeying her directions, cut it into a small canoe capable of holding, however, but only a man.

No larger one appeared likely to be made on that island, from a circumstance which is peculiar to nearly all volcanic islands—the smallness of the trees. This canoe was portable, and proved for fishing purposes on the lake exceedingly useful.

But let me turn to the regular order of my narrative, which I only interrupted in order to narrate an incident which I had so much at heart to explain—how the Indian girl came among them.

The Indians had not altered their positions in the least, and again drawing back out of sight, I muffled the revolver in the skirt of my coat, and drew back the hammer.

Once more I crept to the brink, leaned forward, and selecting the warrior who seemed to be the leader, sent a ball crashing through his brain.

Almost before the sound had reached their startled ears, and before either of the remaining three could gain his feet, I fired again, and another fell in his tracks.

But, in my eagerness and haste, I nearly lost my life.

Intent only on firing as rapidly as possible—for I knew if one escaped, I would be beset by the whole party in less than an hour perhaps—I heedlessly leaped too far over my balance, and, when just on the point of emptying my third chamber, fell headlong between the two affrighted warriors.

An Indian is quick to recover from surprise, and hence I had scarcely touched the earth before they leaped upon me.

Finding that in this direction nothing was to be hoped for, they determined to turn to the right, cross the hills, and seek a more agreeable situation. The sides of the valley were very abrupt and steep; but after half an hour they were rewarded by reaching the summit, when they at once saw that they had reached a spot with scenery such as they might expect in that high latitude.

The slope of the hill was for some distance stony, and possessed of a very scanty soil; but as they neared the bottom, where flowed a small stream, they began to discover something like tropical vegetation; while on the opposite side of the water was an extensive wood. Forcing their way through the bushes, they were soon on the banks of the little river, when they made a discovery which was not without its pleasure side.

It was a small herd of wild cattle feeding on the edge of the stream. This was so far satisfactory that it appeared difficult to starve while so much meat was to be had; but the difficulty then occurred, how to take them; but as savages contrive to

capture them with ease without fire-arms, it was a kind of reflection on their manhood, they thought, to have any doubt on the subject.

Now, however, the idea uppermost within their minds was, how to cross in face of the herd, which was guarded by one old bull and two young ones, which at sight of them had retreated with the cows, while the old bull stood still with outstretched legs, as if ready for the conflict. They had never seen such a magnificent beast. It equalled in the size of its huge head and neck a Grecian marble sculpture.

Their wish was to cross over, and the three shrouded in the hope of terrifying him; but, though he tossed his horns and bellowed at the unusual sound of the human voice, it did not make him stir from his ground.

To cross in face of him was impossible, as he would gore them with his horns. After some discussion, it was agreed to retreat into the bushes and make a large circuit to avoid him, though all were eager to have a taste of buffalo for supper that very night.

This, however, was out of the question while in presence of the bull. So they retreated—the savage beast bellowing and roaring all the time—until they were masked from him by shrubs and cactuses of an extraordinary character. Some of a spherical form were six feet in circumference, while the common cylindrical or branching ones were from twelve to fifteen feet high.

In this way they were completely lost to his view; and at the expiration of a quarter of an hour were able again to turn to the river, which was in this place interrupted by a cataract formed by a rift of fallen timber, stones, and earth; which enabled them to wade over, knee deep, to the opposite side. They were now in a wood with many bushes and creeping plants, that rendered their progress difficult.

It was proposed to halt here for the night if any kind of provision could be found, which, however, seemed difficult; so that they had to depend upon the pieces of roasted turtle which they had brought with them; and any thing more nauseous to the taste after a while can scarcely be conceived. The disgust with which a man even eats turtle after living upon it—as on one or two occasions I had to do—for days together, is something incredible. Turtle steaks for breakfast, turtle steaks for dinner, turtle steaks for supper, would sicken even an Esquimaux.

While devising in their own minds what was to be done, my father, to whose teachings I owed so much of my own happiness and comfort, was looking around him. He could not help admiring a huge thistle or cardoon, which grew on the banks of the river, in many places right up to the edge of the forest. Approaching nearer, he examined it carefully, and his companions saw him smile.

"What is it?" said my uncle.

"Well, it is only a thistle or cardoon," replied my father, who was still looking up at the gigantic plant, which towered a foot over his head; "but, with cultivation, we can make a fine vegetable of it. Botany teaches me that the cardoon and the artichoke are the same thing. Cultivated, the one becomes the other; while, if artichokes are left to grow wild, they degenerate rapidly into the common cardoon."

"But this is a matter for the future," observed my uncle.

"Not at all. All thistles are excellent vegetables, and until we can do better, these will keep off scurvy, which we have much to fear."

This discovery was, at all events, hopeful, but as not being of present use, was dismissed, while they looked around in search of a fit place for an encampment. With this view, they actually cut a way with their knives through the woods, until they reached a spot where the trees became loftier, being a kind of pine, under which no undergrowth is ever to be found.

It was something like the kauri pine of a large and celebrated island. How they could exist on this volcanic island was a mystery; but there they were, rearing their gigantic heads ninety and a hundred feet in the air, while many of them were thirty feet in circumference just about the roots. These trees are remarkable for their smooth cylindrical boles, which run up to a height of sixty and even ninety feet without a single branch. The crown of branches at the summit is out of all proportion small to the trunk, and the leaves themselves are small compared with the branches.

Here it was determined to camp, even if they were compelled to put up with turtle for their supper.

But such was not to be their fate.

Andrew, whom I have so briefly introduced, was once a midshipman in the British navy; but being of a somewhat sullen and disagreeable temperament, had been compelled to leave from the simple fact of his officers making his ship too hot to hold him. He then, as was the case with many discontented spirits, determined on emigrating to Virginia, a course pursued by very many gentlemen in those days, to the manifest and great advantage of His Majesty's colonies.

But they advanced, they, however, did not seem to gain anything by the change. Having become entangled unwillingly in a narrow gorge, they turned away from the more fertile and happy parts of the island, and came upon an undulating land, with a desolate and wretched aspect, which was everywhere covered by a peaty soil and wiry grass, of one monotonous brown color. Here and there peaks and ridges of gray quartz rock broke through the smooth surface. In some of the valleys they saw small flocks of wild geese.

Then came that fearful continuance of storms, such as surely no ship ever met with before, and which I have so fully described in the opening part of my narrative. Under these circumstances, all rivalries and differences were laid aside, in order that we might each and all look to our common safety; and the awful trials we met with, and the catastrophe that ensued, cast out all such thoughts from the minds of all.

But when the final event took place, Andrew, instead of going with the yawl, contrived to slip into the long-boat, so as to remain with a family in which he felt so deep an interest.

Thus much by way of explanation.

While my father and uncle were looking about with great anxiety, in the hope of finding even a ground nut to vary the monotony of their supper, Andrew had stepped on one side to pick up some wood with which to make a fire. He had scarcely gone twenty yards, when he came back on the points of his feet, his left-hand fingers on his lips, and his right raised warily.

"Whist!" he said, as soon as he was near; "don't stir to help me, and you shall have a fine supper to-night."

They signified assent; and then, with the utmost caution, proceeded to follow Andrew, who was a Scotchman, and had in his boyish days some experience of deer-stalking. In the present instance, however, the object upon which he was about to exercise his skill was a solitary cow, which, apparently attracted by the luxuriant grass of small clearing, had strayed from the herd, and was enjoying a rich feed.

The cow, which was a very plump and handsome animal, was about a dozen yards from the edge of the pine grove, its back turned to those who were hopeful enough to look upon it as fitting prey.

Both my uncle and my father, the moment they discovered the object of Andrew's solicitude, concealed themselves behind a tree, so as to leave him entire liberty of action.

The young man acted with a degree of calm deliberation which gave evident token both of courage and wit. The cow's head was so placed as to face the wind, which came directly from it to them; which was an element of success which all who have to deal with wild animals will appreciate.

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JIM BLUDSO,
(OF THE PRAIRIE BELLE.)

Well, no! I can't tell what he lives,
Because he don't live, you see;
Leastways, he's got out of the habit
Of livin' like you and me.
We've been meetin' each other just three year
That you havent heard folks tell
How Jimmy Blundo passed in his cheeks,
The night of the Prairie Belle?

He weren't no saint—them engineers
Is all pretty much alike—
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill
And another one here, in Fort
A thousand times he's swore,
And an awkward man in a row—
But he never flunked, and he never lied,
I reckon he never knew how.

And this was all the religion he had—
To treat his engine well;
Never be passed on the river;
To hold the Prairie Belle
And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire—
A thousand times he swore,
It'd hold her nozzle ag'in the bank
Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississippi,
And her day come at last—
The Moyer boat was a better boat,
But the Belle still had to be passed.
And so she come tearin' along that night—
The oldest craft on the line!
With a nigger squat on her safety valve
And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The first bu'n'st out as she cleared the bar,
And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turned, and made
For the water-bank on the right.
There was running and cursing, but Jim
yelled out,
Over all the infernal roar,
"I'll hold her nozzle ag'in the bank
Till the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot, black breath of the burnin'
poor!

Jim Blundo's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
And known he would keep his word.
And sure's your born they all got off
After the explosion, and
And Blundo's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He weren't no saint—but at judgment
I'd run my chance with Jim.
Longside of some pious gentlemen
That wouldn't shake hands with him
He's in his duty, a deel sin thing—
And now for a man sin then:
And Christ ain't a-sin' to be too hard
On a man that died for men.

A Stroke in the Dark.

A SKETCH OF CAPE COD.

BY ROGER STARBUCK.

AMONG the rough fishermen of Cape Cod, the pretty orphan, Ruth Band, grew up as bright, blooming and healthy as the sea-breeze and a life of useful exercise could make her. Her uncle's cabin was a model of neatness and comfort. All day long the voice of Ruth might have been heard chanting her native songs, while she attended to her household duties, as blithe and happy as a bird.

Spy-glass in hand, the young fisherman, when far at sea, often endeavored to get a glimpse of her pretty form as she flitted about the cabin; for she was an object of admiration to all the Cape Cod swains in the neighborhood.

She was well worth admiring. Her form, of the average height, was molded to rounded proportions, while the exquisite curve of the waist and slope of the shoulders was unrivaled. Clear blue eyes, chestnut hair, rich color, white, even teeth, a merry, ringing laugh, and a melodious voice, added to the attractions of her matchless figure. While capable of rowing a boat, or even of commanding her father's craft, had occasion required, yet Ruth was the most intelligent of all the young women along the cape coast, she being an excellent reader, a good writer, and fond of music and poetry.

Among her many rough suitors, not one of whom received from her the slightest encouragement, were two brothers—Richard and Benjamin White.

"Now just you see here, my purty gull," Richard would say, "you marry me, and with them there eyes o' your'n to cheer, I'll make sich hauls o' fish as was never made afore, and we'll git rich for sartin."

Ruth, however, loved neither of the brothers, and frankly told them so. This angered Benjamin, who was a dark, passionate man, and made Ruth tremble by declaring that, if she did not have him, he would do something desperate.

One day a young artist appeared among the Cape Cod people. He was a fine-looking fellow with frank, easy manners, which pleased Ruth. On his part he seemed to take a liking to her at once.

"I came here," said he, "to make sketches for an illustrated newspaper, but had no idea that I should take with me from hence such a pretty picture as yours. You will let me sketch your portrait?"

"Oh, yes, sir," answered Ruth, blushing, and much pleased.

The artist was struck by the unusual intelligence of the fisher's girl. He found himself more pleased with her every day. Finally she took such hold of his heart that he actually had thoughts of making her his wife.

Her partiality for him made him enemies among the young fishermen. They set the girl's uncle against him, declaring that they knew he was a mere city libertine, with all his fine airs, and would bring ruin upon Ruth.

Then, through the great green spectacles, which, owing to a defect of eyesight, he had worn since early manhood, the eyes of Simon Band flashed fire.

"Odds codfish!" he roared, "that infarnal lubber shall never hook my brother's darter!"

He told the artist, Henry Warren, to keep away from his cabin, in future. The young man obeyed, but had stolen meetings and interviews with the girl, who finally consented to run away with him.

Having persuaded her to this, Warren appointed a rendezvous—a deserted place near the sea-shore—where they were to meet in the evening, and thence depart, bound for New York.

With this agreement they separated, going in opposite directions.

A quarter of an hour after, Richard White emerged from behind some dwarfish shrubs, where he had remained a listener to what had passed.

"I'll balk'em both!" he muttered, clutching his fist, "and at the same time git that gal for mine. I'll try hard, at any rate. Wonder what brother Ben would say had he hear what I have! He told me he'd have that chap's life afore he left these parts!"

This was true. Ben White, who was a desperate fellow, had sworn that he would take the life of that artist. It was not jealousy alone that inspired him with such hate against Henry, but the idea that the

stranger really intended harm to Ruth—meant to deceive her.

Now it so happened that on the night agreed upon for the meeting between Ruth and Henry, Ben sat, sullen and dejected, by a rock near the very cave appointed for the lovers' rendezvous.

Suddenly, hearing a stealthy step, he glanced up, to behold a tall figure pass him. The man's back was to him, so that Ben had a chance to watch his every movement unobserved. He saw him pass through the rough door, leading into the cave, then heard his voice, as he muttered something to himself.

"Now," thought Ben, "I might easily kill the scoundrel, and rid the place of such a pest!"

With these words, he laid a hand upon the instrument he carried at his side—a sort of short sword, used for cutting the fish he caught at sea.

He drew near the cave, then paused. Desperate as he was, he shuddered at the idea of taking the life of a fellow-creature.

"Ruth! RUTH! is that you? Have you come?" was uttered, in a loud whisper, from within.

These words sealed the man's fate. Blinded, enraged by this discovery, showing that a secret meeting between the artist and the girl was intended, Ben lost all control of himself, and, springing into the cave, with a scream like a hyena's, he drove his sword to the hilt through the side of the speaker, who sunk back, with a shriek of agony.

The cabins of some of the fishers were not far distant. Those wild cries were heard, several rushed forth—one man provided with a light, among them Ruth's uncle. The groans of the dying one led them to the cave, when an appalling spectacle met their sight. Prone upon his back, writhing in his blood, lay Ben's brother, Richard White.

By the bright candle-light, Ben, who had remained in the cave, now discovered the mistake he had made, and fell, face downward, upon the prostrate form, shrieking, wildly:

"I KILLED MY OWN BROTHER!"

The dying man lived long enough to explain. After overhearing the secret plans of the lovers, he had lain in wait for Warren, had pounced upon him unawares, at night, knocked him senseless, and repaired to the cave, intending to play Ruth a trick which would baffle her and her lover's de-

sign.

There is little to add.



BENJAMIN WHITE WENT CRAZY, AND WAS PUT IN LUNATIC ASYLUM.

Henry Warren, who had only been stunned by the blow received, succeeded, finally, in convincing Simon that his intentions to Ruth were honorable, and that he would marry her then and there. Softened in time by the pleadings of his niece, old Simon consented, and the twain were made one within sight of the white-crested waves of the Atlantic.

Henry took his bride to New York, where they still reside, a contented couple.

Camp-Fire Yarns.

Old Grizzly Adams and his "Painter"-Trap.

BY RALPH RINGWOOD.

"RALPH, my boyoe," said old Grizzly Adams one morning, "I'm a-goin' fur that painter as we heerd squallin' fast night, an' ee wants sum fun, jes git on yer traps an' come 'long wi' me. No, one's anuff," he continued, in reply to half a dozen requests to be allowed to accompany the expedition.

It may readily be imagined that I eagerly accepted the invitation, for we all knew that when the scout promised "fun," it was certain to be had.

During the previous night, we had repeatedly heard the peculiar, child-like cry of a panther from a piece of heavy timber that skirted the river some little distance off. About midnight Old Grizzly had got up, and taking his rifle and a light ax, left the camp, remaining away something like two hours or more. When he returned, he laid down without offering any explanation, and was soon sleeping heavily.

"I hev set a bait fur the varmint," said the old hunter, as we walked rapidly across the prairie in the direction of the river, "an' I thinks we'll fetch him out afore the sun's a hour higher. Do ee recollect ther buffer-bull Rubie killed up yander, day afore yesterday?"

"You mean the one we left on the sand-bar?" I asked, alluding to a huge old bull that had been shot while crossing the stream, and which we found too tough to eat.

However, he did not long remain inactive. Setting his rifle against the tree under which he stood, he stepped into the water and waded out to where the carcass lay.

I saw that his object was to secure the

Last night I went up thar, an' set the bull afloat, an' ketch'd him ag'in jess yander by the dead white oak, an' roped him fast to a snag out in ther stream. We'll find the varmin nosin' bout thar afore long, an' then we've got 'em go fur 'em."

In twenty minutes we were at the foot of the dead live oak, and here I halted a moment while Grizzly crept forward through the bushes to take a look at his trap.

Hardly had the old fellow disappeared from sight, before my ears were saluted by a perfect volley of oaths, fierce and bitter. Breaking through the chapparel, I found him standing upon the bank, gazing out into the stream directly over where Grizzly stood.

The sight I there beheld nearly took my breath. Crouched upon the limb, with his hind feet gathered under the body, ready for the spring, 'ay the panther, his long tail lashing his sides, and the great, glaring, blood-shot eyes fastened savagely on the hunter.

I had only time to shout a word of warning, to throw my rifle forward and fire with out aim in hopes of diverting the brute's attention, when the leap was made.

But, short as was the time allowed him, the scout made good use of it, and, although he knew not from what direction the blow would fall, he nevertheless took the only chance, and suddenly fell forward upon the body of the buffalo.

He was in time to avoid the full force of the shock, but not so to miss it altogether. As the panther shot over him, it made a sweeping blow with its powerful paw, the claws catching in the tough buck-skin collar of the hunting-shirt, and hurling the scout head foremost, clear over the carcass into the deep water beyond.

A quick flurry, and then the two combatants grappled for the death-struggle.

At such a moment an ordinary man would inevitably have lost his presence of mind, but Grizzly Adams was not an ordinary man, and he did not lose his head.

Even as he went forward, under the influence of that powerful blow, he drew his long blade from its sheath, and, as his left hand closed upon the beast's throat, the right plied the knife with deadly effect.

I stood helpless, spell-bound, upon the further bank, gazing, with bated breath, upon the terrible scene.

A half dozen times had the keen blade sought the enraged animal's vitals, and then, as though changing his tactics, the scoundrel shook himself free, and suddenly dived.

For a instant the panther looked round, evidently bewildered at this abrupt disappearance, and then started for the bank, swimming slowly. The brute had scarcely gotten under way, when I saw it as suddenly disappear beneath the surface as the scoundrel had done.

The time seemed interminable, and I be-

thing where it was by pulling it further up on the submerged bar, so as to prevent it again floating off.

I was intently watching the old scoundrel's movements, when something, I knew not what, caused me to raise my eyes to the limb of the tree that projected out into the stream directly over where Grizzly stood.

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BLOWING BUBBLES.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

Ah, Evaline, from book and pen
I've flown to rest my troubous,
And here I find you by yourself,
Engaged in blowing bubbles!

With that old pipe of Tom's! Well, well,
That you should go and take it!
Be careful of that bubble now,
Your nose will touch and break it.

Who would have thought such wondrous
things?
That ride pipe from the potter
Could do, with aid of fairy lips,
And common soap and water!

The bubble, how it floats aloft!
With golden colors gilded!
As fair a fabric in the air
As youthful dream e'er builded.

And filled with breath as sweet as
Which goes in prayer to Heaven—
It floats toward the gable, There,
It touches and is riven!

One little word I long to hear,
A sweetly-spoken, true one—
But you hear nothing that I say,
You're blowing up a new one.

It slowly grows above the bowl,
But oh, your cheek is fuller,
With tenderest color overspread,
The bubble's time are duller.

If I might kiss the crimson cheek
Which fills to fill the bubble,
I might kiss it only once,
I then should lose my trouble.

So let for once my trouble break
On that fair reef of coral:
'Twere well that from your sport and mirth
My love should draw a moral.

Yet, maybe, if that cheek were touched
To make the bubble float,
I kiss it—and you search my nose,
For all my love and trouble!

Beat Time's Notes.

As the lecture season has set in with unusual severity, I beg to announce that I am open to engagements. My new lecture is entitled "Soft-soap," and, of course, it is smooth, and embodies all the poetry naturally suggested by that useful article of domestic economy. It will please the old and tickle the young; it is good for dyspepsia, but it is extremely hard on buttons, and has been known to set two old enemies to laughing so hard that they split their differences. It gives the only true burlesque history of man, from the cradle to the grave, and by the same road. It reviews markets, and the troops, and is altogether the best thing that was never put up in small bottles.

It is designed expressly for delivery before societies, high or low, sewing-circles, camp-meetings, horse-races, insatiable societies, States' prisons, railroad-bars and cornhuskings. Here is an extract from the *Tribune*:

"Beat Time gave his *piece* at Steinway Hall last night. It was very highly spoken off. There wasn't a dry mouth in the audience, and it was as much as people could do to keep from laughing right out in church. The audience got the full benefit of the title."

I would say to all societies in need of "soft soap," that my terms are eighty dollars for one application, or twenty cents a dozen. People who won't laugh will not be admitted, nor old maids in arms, nor poodle pups. All communications should be addressed to Mr. Whittemore, who, since he has received word which relieves him from the responsibility of expecting the Spanish throne, has gladly consented to act as my agent. All arrangements he makes I will fulfill except those which come under the head of borrowed money. Write early and often.